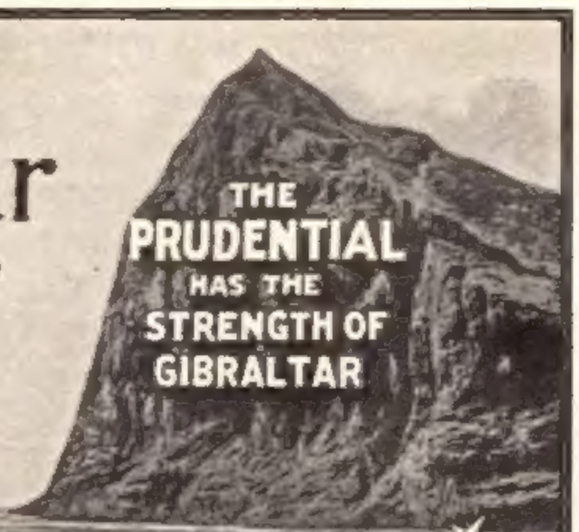
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W[illegible] Magazine
Founded A° D° 172[illegible] Frank[illegible]

JANUARY 26, 1907 5c. TH[illegible] COPY

Beginning **The Cave Man—By John Corbin**

# "One Dollar a week"

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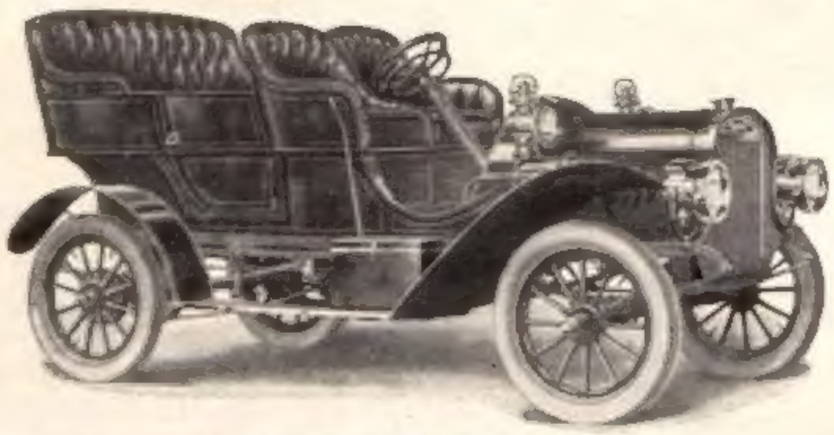

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# Midwinter Features

## Opportunity—Is It All Gone?

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**Is it?**

**Our government was founded with that idea, and for more than a hundred years that idea prevailed. But then came the trusts.**

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## Owen Wister

**Among the best features of this magazine is the fact that we give our readers the first chance at the work of Owen Wister, who has become the foremost figure in American literature. He has just completed a story which we are soon to publish, and that story is shortly to be followed by several others, which will rank among the best that Mr. Wister has yet produced.**

## The Home of Fortune

**On gold in the ground Rex Beach is a recognized authority. In this magazine he has already given the latest view of Alaska. So now we have asked Mr. Beach to go to Goldfield for us and write a series of articles about that centre of the money fever toward which the eyes of so many thousands of investors are at present turned.**

**Then there is Cobalt. That is another favorite playground of Fortune. To get the truth about it we have sent to the scene W. A. Fraser, who is not only an expert in these things, but one of the most brilliant writers of the day.**

## Will Payne

**There is one field in which Mr. Payne stands almost alone, and that is the romance of business. Nobody else has so thoroughly seen the fictional value of our commercial life and so vividly set it in the frame of the short story. The Lost Contract, which will appear shortly, represents Mr. Payne's work at its best.**

## Putting On a Play

**The romance of the theatre, the glamor of the stage, the mysterious land that lies "behind the scenes"—these are the elements out of which Jesse Lynch Williams has, from practical experience, constructed this article. The thousands of people who sit in the theatre and witness, with loud applause or silent disapproval, the finished performance little realize by what strange ways that performance has been brought to them. But to those ways Mr. Williams is no stranger, and through them he conducts his readers.**

## Robert W. Chambers

**Mr. Chambers' new series of stories began with The Tree of Dreams, which proved to be one of the big short-story successes of the season. This is soon to be followed by other stories in which love and humor sparkle together as only Mr. Chambers seems able to make them.**

## Grover Cleveland

**In all this talk about Swollen Fortunes that has lately been disturbing the public, many persons of importance have tried to get an opinion from the only living ex-President of the United States, but Mr. Cleveland has thus far remained silent. Now, however, he has consented to give his ideas on the question, and he will set them before the people in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**

## When the Flag Falls

**Jacques Futrelle has become widely popular because of The Thinking Machine, that solver of mysteries whom he introduced to the public through these columns in The Chase of the Golden Plate. Now he appears in an entirely new but even more congenial field: he is a genuine humorist, and no one can read these stories of Batty Logan without conceding him that honor. They are full of incident and sentiment, but they are also full of laughter, and it is as humorous creations that they will take a high stand.**


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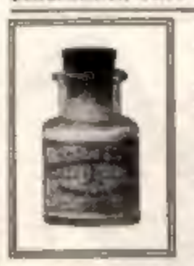

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### A Brief History

*THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.*

*During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1831, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.*

## Ek Ankie, The Man-Eater

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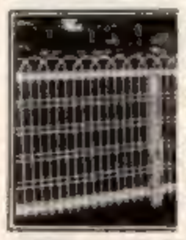

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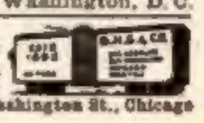

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# THE CAVE MAN

## BY JOHN CORBIN

I

THERE he is, Mr. Onderdonk!" said the younger Miss Sears. "Your cousin! Oh, *do* go out and get him!" She sat in a window-seat in Holworthy Hall, looking out upon the Class Day crowd in what Harvard men call the Yard. "I *know* I shall love him again!"

"Again?" asked Onderdonk. "Wistar!" His glance followed hers. Wistar was just below them in a group of graduates of a dozen years past, who were greeting one another with old friendship, now and then shouting the number of their year to summon others of the class. He was tall, and, as it seemed to the young people, over-serious, though when he gripped the hand or put an arm upon the shoulder of an old classmate in the throng his face lighted pleasantly.

Onderdonk turned upon her an inquiring glance.

"I could do it in a minute," she said. "I did love him once, years and years ago, when I was in short skirts and a pigtail. He was my sister's; but she wouldn't have him. I was jealous—and furious with her, too, for sending him away. Do get him!"

Instead of obeying her, he gathered the unaccustomed folds of his graduating gown about him and sat down where he could look her full in the face.

"He's six feet tall, and he has the *loveliest* gray eyes!" Onderdonk laughed at her, as she had meant him to; but for the first time in his life he wondered what his own eyes were like, and felt the lack of an inch. "I asked him here, and he knows the room. I can't grab him like an ol' clo'es puller-in."

"If you can't tell people what to do"—with a glance at the crimson tassel of the mortar-board on his knee—"what's the use of being the Class Day Marshal?"

By virtue of his office, Onderdonk was responsible for the orderly conduct of the day's exercises, the contentment of some hundreds of classmates who were fellow-hosts with him, and the happiness of the thousands of their guests. But he sat unmoved.

"Besides," she pursued, "he's your cousin. If I were marshal that's the very best thing I'd do—marshal my relatives."

"You have some particular reason for wanting Wistar. I'll get him—if you'll tell me what it is."

"I told you I was going to love him."

"You can do that better if you don't see him."

"My, what a jealousness!" She laughed at him in turn, as he in turn had intended. "But I *have* a reason, and I'll tell you—if you promise to help me." She leaned toward him with an air of confidence. "You have met Mr. Penrhyn," she said with a side slant of her head toward a table in the far corner where her elder sister was serving tea to two men. "What do you think of him?"

"A good chap, I should say." As he spoke, Penrhyn laughed heartily at something Miss Sears had said. "I like his laugh." She was silent, however, and Onderdonk added: "Of course, I've only just met him."

"Do you know why he brought father, Judith and me up here from New York?"

"Out of kindness to me."

She nodded a "Thank you." "In the first place, on business—the combination in motor cars, you know. Mr. Wistar has refused to go into it, and he wants to get at him through you." She paused, conscience-stricken. "Am I very bad to tell you? I'm not supposed to know anything about it. And you are a stranger—almost."

"Such thanks for the 'almost'!" His manner had been half satirical, half caressing, but now of a sudden it took a serious turn. "That's what Wistar meant!" he said, taking a letter from his pocket. "Only a few hours ago I got this, telling me he'd be here—on business!"

Onderdonk had inherited an interest in the establishment of which his cousin was the head. Some months previous, he knew, Mr. Sears and Mr. Penrhyn had attempted to consolidate the industry; but Wistar, who was perhaps the ablest and most successful manufacturer in the field, was also a staunch opponent of modern business consolidations, and had refused to join. Without him, Onderdonk had supposed, the attempt had been abandoned. "Isn't that like him?" he concluded. "He'd clean forgotten that he'd promised to be here for Class Day!"

"All I'm interested in," she said, "is that Mr. Penrhyn is so much with my sister. Oh," she broke off, "I know you're laughing at me! But other girls have their mothers to manage, and she's all I've ever had!" She did not, however, lose sight of her purpose. "You know we're poor, don't you?"

He nodded.

"We're very poor. Once, you know, we weren't poor. But father has an eye for what they call gilt-edge investments."

He smiled tentatively.

"You mustn't laugh at him," she protested, looking about at her father's refined and sensitive face. Onderdonk was humbly silent, and she ran on: "He really has had *splendid* ideas! Only things are so contrary—the moment father has proved how they ought to happen, and financed a company, they up and do just the opposite."

He was soberly attentive now and the result was that the lights danced in her eyes.

"You see what a powerful financier he is. By a single investment he has always been able to shift the course of progress."

He laughed, and then she became serious again.

"I'm *horrid* to talk about him so. Judith would die and go to the poorhouse before she'd let him suspect she had lost faith in him. And now it's this promotion of Mr. Penrhyn's."

"You don't believe in it?" His tone approved her disbelief. The paternal business had suffered from one of the earliest excesses of trust-manipulation.

"If it turns out like the rest—but that's not what bothers me. Mr. Penrhyn manages to see so much of my sister that everybody is saying they're engaged."

"And my cousin?"

"What is it you call it in football? Breaking up the interference?"

He looked about with interest. Penrhyn's eyes were alert with intelligence; but his light brown hair waved almost trivially upon his forehead, and there was a dimple, in fact a cleft, in his chin.

"For such a long time now Judith hasn't gone out at all. At first it didn't matter, for people came to us. But they *would* fall in love with her. And when they have got through proposing they don't come any more. Now, sometimes, I think she is lonesome. Mr. Penrhyn is the only one who never gets discouraged. You can't lose *him!* And then he's so interested in father—perhaps you don't know how things like that make you fond of people? Boyser—that's our maid—says Judith is just the kind to go over the whole woodpile and pick out a crooked stick at last. Sometimes I think she must have forgotten what a really nice fellow is like. Now, your cousin is a nice fellow?"

"*Now* I can tell you the truth. He's more than a nice fellow." He paused—an artist in search of the one and only word. "He's the real thing!" he said. "Is it a bargain—about breaking up the interference?"

"Yes, and a secret!" She had still enough of the small girl to find joy in sworn confidences. She reached out her hand, and they gripped like black conspirators. The afternoon sun, as it struck down through the little antique panes of spun glass, showed the coursing of blood beneath the firm, satin surface of her cheeks.

The third marshal burst in on them and seized Onderdonk by the shoulder. "Hang it, Donky!" he said. "We've waited for you half an hour. You're holding up the whole shooting-match!" Becoming aware of the other occupants of the room he hesitated, but ended by haling Onderdonk out through the door. The third marshal made up in zeal what his office lacked in distinction.

It was all Onderdonk could do, as he was dragged along outside, to pass a vague and hurried word to his cousin.

The younger Miss Sears met Wistar on the landing, and, as she led him up to Judith, put a wrap on his arm and warned him that her sister was in danger of her life from catching cold. Then she went in to Penrhyn and her father. "You have both of you neglected me shamefully," she said, and led her father down the winding staircase and into the college Yard. As she hurried the two men along the pavement outside she noted with inward triumph that Judith and Wistar were not following.

II

MISS SEARS looked at Wistar with interest, as if to recall a fading memory. She remembered him as a very earnest young man—and she had been at the age when one does not value earnestness in young men. Now, though he seemed almost as young as ever, he impressed her as even more earnest; but to her surprise she became gradually aware that his was a face of some distinction. In brow, cheekbone and chin there was enough prominence to suggest native, almost primitive, strength. The lips were firmly modeled, and the dark gray eyes were deep and grave.

"Miss Sears!" he had said, as his fingers touched hers at the meeting. And then, even after the others had gone, he said no more.

"May told you it was I!" Mistress of herself though she was, his silence put her ill at ease. And then, as he still did not speak, "You remember me?" she added, with a step toward the door.

He stood motionless. "Remember you? Have you forgotten?"

"Oh, a girl knows! After much less than —— How many? Almost ten years!—they are usually married, and fathers of large and prosperous families. They are caught on the rebound, as Meredith puts it—by some much nicer person!"

"*They!*" he questioned. "Is it a charming vista you open up with that simple pronoun? Are there so many of them? And are they all—as Meredith might say—bounders?"

"I'm very fond of them. I resent your tone of superiority!"

"Then consider me a bounder like the rest, and be fond of me!"

The portentousness of his manner had vanished. In each of his lean cheeks, she observed, was a mobile hollow, which contrasted curiously with the intentness of the face as a whole, and which, as he smiled to her, cast the aura of cheerfulness upon the lips, of sweetness in the eyes.

She laughed, triumphant. "A pretty speech!" she said. "From you—who have neglected me for years!"

"Neglected you?"

"You gave up polo—I used to love to see you play polo. And they say you never dine out any more!"

"It's my business—the machine-shops and garages. I haven't time for anything else."

"Do you mean that—literally?"

"Sometimes I get to the club for dinner. Oftener, I have it brought in to me where I'm working."

She looked at him, incredulous, horror-struck. "Dinner in a dark, stuffy, noisy machine-shop, in an ill-smelling garage! How can a real man live like that? It is the life of a cave man!"

"A cave man? Yes, perhaps! And you—you also disappeared. If you'll tell me why, I'll tell you why I'm—a cave man."

"To ride always on borrowed mounts, to be always the guest, never the host—it wasn't pleasant. And you?"

"At about that time I began to find my cave less lonesome than the gay world." The smile flickered out of his cheeks, giving way to the habitual sadness. Then, as if commanding a lighter mood, he added: "It seems I'm the only one of them all—I beg pardon—of all of *us!*—who's the least bit constant."

"We've never met a score of times!"

"It was only eleven."

"A wonderful memory! And yet—only eleven times! I feel more than ever that you've neglected me."

"You forget how often I—you know!—made my little petition! Five times—not counting twice when you managed to sidetrack me."

"Five times in eleven meetings!" she laughed. "It sounds delightful! Why did you stop?"

The smile had been coming and going as he spoke, like heat-lightning in an overcast sky. Now, again, his face became dark. "I used to bore you," he said.

"No, not just *bore* me. You used to frighten me."

He echoed the word in surprise.

"You're rather abrupt and masterful, aren't you? It's a way with—cave men. That was lucky for me! If you'd been as you are to-day, no girl as young as I was then could have resisted you!"

He paused to consider what she might mean. "I understand," he said at last, "and I thank you."

"*What* do you understand?"

He paused a moment and then, "Penrhyn," he said simply.

His laconic directness startled her; she recalled that it had always done so. "You've heard that? You, the cave man?"

"To be accurate, I saw it in the paper."

Quickly recovering herself, she answered with noncommittal lightness: "When you wish to be accurate—you consult the newspapers?"

"For ten years I've read the dreary social column for that one item. Whenever such a thing is true, won't you write me just a little note? Imagine what it is for a man to read his own death-notice—and in the marriage column!"

She seemed as if about to answer, but did not.

They had been standing by a window through which came the sound of Seniors cheering things in general about the old Class Tree. Now the procession started round the Yard, on the way to the Stadium, and Onderdonk solemnly led a cheer for each of the college buildings as they passed.

"Come!" she said. "We're supposed to get there before them." And she led him forth.

If this cheering had been a part of the day's exercises in Wistar's time he had forgotten it. "Nobody told me they would do that!" he said, with a shrug of half-humorous complaint.

"You find it absurd?"

"I once heard a ticket-chopper in the Subway call a gang of under-graduates 'rah-rah boys.'"

"Aren't you cynical? I find rah-rah boys charming."

"You quoted Meredith just now. Do you remember his description of a party of English folk going into conventional raptures over the sunset? He questioned what the sensations of the sun might be, contemplating the party of English folk. Very much the same, I suppose, as those of Holworthy Hall on being cheered by the Seniors. It makes me feel very old. Perhaps, I oughtn't to have come."

"Then why did you?"

"The reason is personal." Then, as the reply sounded more forbidding than he intended, he added: "Personal to you."

If he had expected thus to dismiss the subject he had miscalculated. "I don't see how that can be," she said, "since you had to be dragged in to see me."

"I hadn't meant to come at all."

"Not come to your cousin's Class Day?"

"I'd forgotten it."

She eyed him with suspicion.

"I've had long practice in forgetting. Cave men, you know, are brave about mammoths and mastodons, but they have a primeval terror of—this sort of thing." His glance indicated the gay throng in the Yard.

"Yet you came?"

"As I said, the reason is personal." Even yet, in his simplicity, he relied on the fact to dismiss the subject.

"Perhaps that ought to lessen my curiosity. But it doesn't."

Still he hesitated. The business that had brought him from New York was, in a sense, personal to her. Her father and Mr. Penrhyn had of late given evidence that they were in earnest in their effort to combine the makers of motor-cars—evidence so unmistakable that a number of manufacturers who, like himself, were opposed to the project, had formed a counter combination and asked him to take control of it. Before entering the agreement he had felt obliged to consult his cousin. But this was not what he had referred to. As he had stood waiting for the trolley to Cambridge, a young girl had peered at him from a passing automobile, and he had recognized Miss Sears' sister, May, whom he had last seen barelegged, and with childish, yellow curls bobbing on her shoulders. Two of the party in the car were the hostile promoters. The fourth was veiled; but in every outline he had recognized Miss Sears. Then, for the first time, he realized that this woman whom he had loved and lost was nearing thirty. Even to the rarest womanly character, he felt, the passing of youth was a tragedy. He had tasted deep and bitter waters of life. Had she done so, too?

"I promise not to be embarrassed," she prompted him.

"I wanted to see what the years have done to you." He turned his eyes full upon her. Her abundant hair, which was light brown with broad lights of gold where the sun struck upon it, framed a delicate, clear-cut face, vigorous as ever, and with the dewy freshness and flush radiance of a flower.

She met his glance quite frankly, and without resentment. "Go on!" she said.

"There is really no change. Your color is even more vivid than it used to be."

"Stupid!" she exclaimed. "I'm blushing!"

He kept his eye upon her, and saw her color deepen.

"Are you trying to cheer me," she asked, "as the rah-rah boys cheer the ancient college buildings?"

He shook his head. "I don't find what I hoped."

"And that is ——"

"To every face, sooner or later, the years bring one or two changes—the change which destroys youthful beauty, or that which leads it forward to the beauty of maturity and age."

She gave an actual, physical start. "And which have I?"

"Neither, as yet. Ten years have left you where you were."

She laughed outright, and exclaimed a little harshly: "You tell me that I look eighteen, but it is as if you said that I am remarkably well preserved!" She hurried along the brick walk that skirts the Yard toward the straggling rear of the procession on its way to the Stadium, and he followed in silence.

As long as he had remembered her in the glamour of his distant memories, he had not really believed that she could have any genuine feeling for a man like Penrhyn. But with this intrusion of what seemed a touch of the commonplace came also a doubt and a fear. There are avenues of the mind along which the most dignified are open to jealousy.

"It *was* unfair," she said at last, "to take what you said as I did. I had promised."

"Not so unfair to me as to yourself—to your old self, as I once knew you! I spoke of things as they are—to those who look upon life simply. Your answer was as conventional as the women of the stage, or the comic papers. What has happened to change you? There was a time when you would not have spoken so."

"There was a time when I was too young to fear 'what the years might bring.'"

"I had hoped you would always be too young for that. Only those who are already old fear to lose the semblance of youth."

She looked at him, her color mounting again, but not from embarrassment. "There was a time when you would not have been positively, intentionally rude!"

He met her glance, accusing and masterful. "I spoke honestly. Not to do so is the only thing I count rude!"

Her eyes flashed into his. "I *am* afraid to grow old!" she said. "Or rather, as you so accurately put it, I am afraid to *seem* to grow old. But not for the reason you imagine! You speak of 'things as they are.' How do you presume to know what they are?"

It was the first time he had ever seen her angry, and, by some occult working of his nature, the sight filled him for the first time with a sense of power. "All that I said, I know," he answered. "If there is anything else ——"

"There is my father!" She told him of his repeated failures, and his dogged efforts to retrieve them. As she spoke, her voice softened, and with little unconscious touches she revealed a wealth of filial loyalty and affection.

Wistar did not at first catch her drift; but he was none the less interested. He had himself been a devoted son.

"Time and again I have begged him to give up affairs. The last time things went wrong, a year ago, almost nothing was left but what was mine—the house we live in, and ever so little besides. It made him wretchedly unhappy. I was worried, and must have looked ill. Somehow he came to believe that I was old. I *am*, you know—you are right! He thought I was worried for myself; with his old-fashioned ideas about girls, he never understands why I haven't married." She stopped as if to consider what she had said, what she might say.

The jealousy, of which Wistar was only half-conscious, was yet strong enough to quicken every faculty. Why had she not married? And how was the fact that she had not related to this affair with Penrhyn? A year ago, he remembered, Sears had shot himself through the shoulder. There had been talk of attempted suicide; but the fact that his daughter was with him at the time, and that the ball, as it seemed, had not been directed toward a vital part, was taken as proof that the shot was accidental.

"He promised to retire then," Judith continued in a lighter tone, "but, presently, he went in for this new idea, which he thinks the best of all."

"And you gave—what you have—to help him?"

"That was easily done. What I find hard is to keep up his courage through it all—to make him not be afraid of failure. As long as he believes I'm not faded and ugly—that some one may yet be induced to marry me!—he thinks I'm provided for. Oh, *I* know the things that keep your skin fresh and soft! *I'm* careful in the matter of beauty-sleep! After this venture, if it succeeds, the lines may come as they please—or as you wish!"

Again came the thought of Penrhyn. "And if it fails?"

"It won't fail. But if it does, there's still rouge—and then enamel! You don't think father would know the difference?"

"He would," said Wistar, again accusing, "for the difference would be in you."

Her resentment rose again, though this time veiled in mockery. "You serious man!" she laughed. "You are shocked! Don't forget that there are those of us for whom to grow old gracefully and at leisure is a luxury unattainable. When you see painted women at the theatre, remember that."

"Stop—please!"

"Or, at the worst, there is still the alternative of marriage!"

The thrust was no doubt unintentional. But none the less it went home.

III

THE solid cement arches of the Stadium loomed before them, vast as those of the Coliseum, with the grain of the rough board matrices still evident in the gray-white surface. Mounting one of the many staircases within the soaring gloom, they emerged again into the gay sunlight, and found their party seated in the front row. May so managed that she and Penrhyn sat on one side of Sears, with Judith and Wistar on the other. Then she quite shamelessly devoted herself to her father, leaving Penrhyn alone in the midst of the college world to which he was a stranger.

The huge structure, built like a letter U about the football field and running-track, was far too large for even that considerable gathering. The curved end of it, as it happened, had lately been used for the production of a Greek tragedy in the manner of the Theatre of Dionysius, and the façade of the Palace of Agamemnon was still standing in all the rich brilliancy of Attic color. The Class Day guests filled every seat to the lofty skyline, and the predominance of young girls in summer costume gave the effect of a gigantic bed of white tulips scattered with variegated color.

Already the Seniors had taken their place in the centre of what, in classic phrase, would be called the orchestra; and the graduates were filing in in the order of their classes, and squatting on the ground in a circle about them. Prominent among these were the classes that had come back for their reunions of three years, ten years, fifteen years, twenty-five years, and even fifty years after graduation. As the youthful triennials entered with measured tread they lifted their hats in unison to the ladies, swept them grandly to the left, to the right, then upward and down to the ground with a magniloquent bow. There was a ripple of subdued laughter at the intentional absurdity of it, and then the classes already sitting rose and welcomed the newcomers with a cheer.

In the section in which Onderdonk's party sat there was an unusual number of men, and they overheard some one behind them exclaim: "We ought to return the compliment. There's Jimmy Wistar. It's up to him to lead!" After a moment a voice with a trace of excited brogue shouted, "James, old man! Raise a racket, can't you?"

Wistar was on his feet in an instant. "Pedey!" he cried. His long arm reached over two rows, and he grasped the fist of the little Irishman, who was seated with a party of homely, if rather showily-dressed, women-folk. When Wistar sat down he was beaming with good-fellowship. "That's the best lad in the world," he said, "and the best quarterback!"

"Then why is it up to you to lead the cheering?" asked Judith quizzically. The incident, trifling as it was, reminded her of a fact which Wistar's modesty always made her forget—that he was a man of some distinction; and his recent remarks to her had, among other things, quickened her interest in him.

"It isn't up to me. It's up to Pedey Ryan. He's the man that scored the touchdown in the first game we had won from Yale in years, and by a plan he got out of his own head, too!"

Judith asked for particulars.

"He showed me how to make a hole for him, and he shot through it like a bullet and over the goal line."

"But it was you who made the hole?"

"The regular guard was laid up. I was never a real football man. Besides, Pedey served through the Cuban War—a Rough Rider. And, since then, he's been mixed up in all sorts of South American revolutions—a general and a statesman!"

The quinquennials came around the corner of the Palace of Agamemnon, and cries for "Jimmy Wistar" rose from several sides.

"Yet they all seem to know you!"

"They only think they do. No one who knows me ever calls me Jimmy. I'm a very serious person. They always call me James—me and the footman."

"I Did Love Him Once, Years and Years Ago, When I was in Short Skirts and a Pigtail"

As the quinquennials saluted the ladies, the cry, "Jimmy Wistar, give them a cheer!" was taken up by several men in chorus. Wistar turned again upon Ryan. "You lead, Pedey," he commanded. "They all know you!" Then he said to Judith: "I haven't been back in ten years—since I graduated."

Ryan got up and spoke rebukingly.

Wistar's reply was to march up the aisle and pull him out to the front row. "Now, do your duty!" he said.

But the little man took the big one by the body in an arm of steel, and while he called for a cheer held him standing.

The leader of the decennials—Wistar's class—recognized them as he passed, and called on his classmates for a cheer for Wistar and Ryan. "You fellows know why!"

Wistar shrank into his seat.

"Ye're right to be ashamed of yerself!" Ryan cried, relapsing further into the bogs of his brogue. "You who for tin long years have niver lifted your v'ice for the dear old plass!" Then his eye fell upon Penrhyn, and a thing happened which, though Wistar was now scarcely aware of it, he remembered, by and by, as of vast significance. Ryan offered Penrhyn his hand in the manner of an old friend, and was met with a look of studied distance and indifference.

Wistar perforce took the stand alone. He soon caught the spirit of the moment. When two old boys of the class of fifty years gone by passed them, erect and conscious, he called for three times nine, and after he had led the long cheer, eager and enthusiastic, yet precise in the count, he was hoarse.

"Who's the rah-rah boy now?" Judith demanded. Her eyes were shining, but her voice still had a trace of acid.

"You are right!" said Wistar huskily. "I haven't had so much fun since——"

"Since when?"

"For ten years."

"Since you were here before," she said.

This time Wistar did not need to be told that she was blushing.

In a moment, however, she rallied. "I wonder," she said demurely, "when it is a man who has missed 'the beauty of maturity and age,' whether there isn't some paint or enamel of the spirit that will keep him from appearing stupidly cynical."

"I shall have need to put it on, in the spirit, when you put it on the flesh."

All of a sudden the air lighted up with showers of Japanese paper confetti and serpentine streamers. The wind was softly blowing, and as it eddied about the scenic palace and into the vast semicircle of the Stadium it sent the brilliant missiles swirling and floating on high. It was as if a summer breeze had run riot in the rainbow, and was scattering its shimmer of fragments in sport. Even the two oldest graduates tossed up radiant handfuls amid aged smiles. The more recent graduates bombarded the ladies with tubes of confetti and wads of streamers caught up from the ground. A carnival of indiscriminate gallantry sprang up—or rather, of discriminate gallantry, for one pelted one's neighbor for the best and most sufficient reason that one liked the looks of her.

A few of the young women in the front seats became special targets for the surging mob below. Judith defended herself, laughing. But May, reckless of all consequences to her clothes, seized the paper and hurled it back—with the result that her hat was soon awry and her hair powdered with variegated spangles and stars. The wads of brilliant paper, Wistar noted, gathered at the feet of the two women of his party in drifts and mounds. And in spite of Judith's added touch of dignity her share in the tribute was no less than May's. His heart warmed with pride. But he did not reflect that, if she had proved as he hoped, it might not have been so.

Judith bent over May to straighten her hat, and Penrhyn made occasion to pick the confetti out of her hair and brush it with his handkerchief from her ears. Wistar stood by and carefully collected the bits of paper as Penrhyn let them fall.

When Penrhyn had ended his task he saw what Wistar had been doing. "What's that for?" he said.

It was the first time he had found occasion to speak to Wistar, and his voice had an instinctive tone of hostility.

(Continued on Page 51)

# Some Unsolved Problems in Surgery

## The Conflict Between Science and Disease in Operating-Room and Laboratory

## By W. W. Keen, M. D., LL. D.

IN THIS paper I shall attempt to describe as clearly as possible some of the unsolved problems of surgery. President Eliot's recent advocacy of giving such information to the public is an indication of the correct attitude which specialists in various branches of knowledge, I think, should assume.

There are four different methods of producing anesthesia:

(a) General anesthesia by the inhalation of ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide gas, chloride of ethyl, etc., or by the hypodermatic use of drugs, such as scopolamin and morphin.

This is the only method in which the patient is rendered entirely unconscious. In all the three other methods consciousness is retained, the loss of feeling being limited to a larger or smaller localized area.

(b) Local anesthesia by freezing or by the subcutaneous injection of drugs such as cocain, eucain, Schleich's fluid, etc. This produces a loss of feeling in the injected area only.

(c) Spinal anesthesia by the injection into the spinal canal (that is, in the "small of the back") of various solutions, such as cocain, eucain, stovain, etc. This produces entire loss of feeling from below the waist to the feet, and the effect may extend even higher.

(d) By "neural infiltration"—that is, exposing the nerves supplying the parts of the body to be operated upon, especially the hand, arm or leg, and injecting into the substance of one or more nerves, going to the part to be operated upon, a solution of cocain. By this method, the whole of the parts supplied by these nerves are rendered anesthetic.

One of the most important uses of this method has been shown by experiments upon animals to be the prevention of severe shock. In many cases now on record this has been applied to man and not a few lives have been saved by it. When such an operation as removal of the whole leg at the hip-joint or of the arm at the shoulder-joint had to be done, it was found that, even with the patient under ether, when the great nerves going to the arm or leg were divided there was very severe shock to the whole system. But if, before these nerves were divided, a few drops of a solution of cocain were injected into them *above* the point where they were to be cut, no such shock resulted, since the sensory influences passing through the nerves to the spinal cord and brain were "blocked" by the anesthetic effect of the cocain.

### The Chance of Death from Anesthetics

BUT all these various methods or drugs have a small but certain percentage of danger. Nitrous oxide has the lowest death rate. In a series of 241,032 cases, only one death occurred. But practically, except for brief operations, such as opening abscesses, nitrous oxide is but little used in surgery.

Ether and chloroform, the two general anesthetics most often used, have the following death rate:

| Anesthetic | Total number of administrations | Total number of deaths | Death rate |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chloroform* | 691,319 | 224 | 1 in 3082 cases |
| Ether | 407,553 | 25 | 1 in 16,302 cases |

*These are largely from European clinics in which chloroform is much more commonly used than in America, where ether is generally preferred.

Even the local injection of cocain will sometimes intoxicate and sometimes, though rarely, will produce death. Spinal anesthesia is desirable in certain cases, but is by no means free from danger.

The multitude of methods and of drugs is a witness to the active search of surgeons for safer and better methods.

The ideal anesthetic for grave operations is not, as might be supposed, that which leaves the patient perfectly conscious. In most cases he would be terribly scared by the sight of blood, and if he were aware of the surgical emergencies of hemorrhage or other dangers which may test all the resources of the surgeon, he might be alarmed even to the point of collapse. A nervous patient would be easily and needlessly alarmed by hemorrhage which to the surgeon would be mere child's play.

I am often amused at the recollection of my first operation on a soldier in 1862—as I look on it now, a very simple one. At the first incision my heart went pitapat, for I was sure he would bleed to death before I could tie the arteries! How much more easily then would a patient be frightened.

The ideal anesthetic is that which will abolish pain and also consciousness, *but without any danger to life.* Such an anesthetic will surely be found. Its advantages are so obvious as not to need further recapitulation.

Until this safe anesthetic is found surgeons are endeavoring to find the best means of resuscitating the patient when even apparently dead. In animals much has been done to show that we can avert the dangers, especially of chloroform. Last May at the meeting of the American Surgical Association in Cleveland, Doctor Crile showed some marvelously successful experiments upon this subject which I had the pleasure of witnessing. In one of them a dog was killed by a large dose of chloroform. Fifteen minutes by my watch after the heart had ceased beating and after breathing had entirely ceased, a tube was inserted into a blood-vessel and a solution of salt and water of suitable strength, together with a little adrenalin (a preparation described later), was allowed to flow into the blood-vessel toward the heart. After a few moments the chest was compressed to start the heart beating, and almost on the instant breathing was resumed, the heart began to beat regularly and within less than five minutes the dog had recovered. Up to eight minutes after apparent death animals can nearly always be resuscitated, and, even when the dog has been dead for twenty-five minutes, temporary resuscitation has been achieved.

In a few cases in which death from chloroform collapse has occurred in man the heart has been exposed and started beating again, and life has been saved by quickly opening the chest, seizing the heart by the hand, and rhythmically squeezing it. Unfortunately by this method far more failures than successes have been published, but as a result of Crile's experiments it is likely that we may be much more successful in the future.

*Infected Wounds.* Let me name two such wounds as types.

(a) By a fall, a trolley—or a machinery—accident a man suffers a "simple" fracture—that is, a fracture in which the bones are broken but the skin is intact. Such a "broken arm," or "broken leg," as everybody knows, heals within a reasonable time and with almost no danger to life. But, if the bone protrudes through the skin, it produces a "compound" fracture. Such a wound before the days of antiseptic surgery (say before about 1876) always became inflamed by inevitable infection by the germs on the skin, in the clothing, etc. By exhaustion from pain, fever and prolonged discharge of pus ("matter"), by blood-poisoning or erysipelas, compound fractures at that time killed about two out of every three patients. Now the mortality of such fractures is less than one per cent.

(b) A stableman steps on a rusty nail. Soon afterward lockjaw (tetanus) develops. Before 1887, unless he received proper surgical care, death was almost inevitable. It was in that year Nicolaier discovered the germ (bacillus) of lockjaw in the earth, and found that the earth around stables, and in streets, was especially full of them. This explained the long-known frequency of lockjaw in people having to do with stables, horses and cattle. Every now and then it followed operations and was very fatal. Of 505 cases in the Civil War, 451 died, a mortality of over 89 per cent. Nowadays lockjaw after operation is almost unknown, but it still occurs after accidents causing open wounds when not properly treated.

Inflammation, blood-poisoning and death are the frequent consequences of accidents which are not at once seen by a competent surgeon.

Why do these differences exist? The reason is now very well known and seems simple; but the means by which the dreadful results of such accidents have been banished are the fruit of unceasing toil for years in the laboratory, of repeated illuminating experiments upon animals, of many failures, but of final success.

### Infection the Greatest Foe of the Surgeon

WHEN an operation is to be done the area of operation, the instruments, dressings, and the hands of the surgeon and every assistant and nurse are made thoroughly aseptic—that is, germ-free. Thus even a dangerous operation can be done and speedy recovery follow with no fever, no pus and but little pain. In case of an accident, if the surgeon sees the case promptly he will etherize the patient, and will scrub and cleanse not only the skin, but the very depths of the wound for a long time, so as to make it aseptic. Generally he will succeed and speedy recovery will follow.

But suppose he does *not* see the case promptly. Then, the germs will have invaded the tissues and even the blood, and the problem then becomes one of extreme difficulty—how to destroy the germs and yet not do harm to the patient. Many antiseptics have been tried, but, if weak enough not to kill the patient, they do not kill the bacteria, and solutions strong enough to kill the bacteria are inadmissible, because they would kill the patient.

How to disinfect a thoroughly infected wound is one of the most puzzling and baffling present-day problems of surgery. Its solution will come eventually, but only by repeated and well-reasoned-out experiments upon animals. To be able easily and effectually to disinfect wounds in full tide of suppuration means a blessing to mankind, and to animals as well.

Meantime, the lesson is obvious. In any case of accident with an open wound it is of the utmost importance that the surgeon shall see the case as soon as possible. Twenty-four hours' delay often means dangerous illness or perhaps death.

But, while waiting for the surgeon, can nothing be done? Surely. Cleanse the parts with cloths that have been boiled, and water that has been boiled and cooled enough to be bearable. The only antiseptics probably available will be alcohol (not wood alcohol, as that is poisonous) used pure, or whisky, brandy or wine. This should be used to wash the parts thoroughly, and boiled cloths, wrung out of the same or out of boiled water, should protect the wound pending the surgeon's arrival.

Probably no disease, not even tuberculosis, is being attacked with such vigor and all along the line as cancer, in order to discover its cause and its cure. As yet, it is sad to confess that the cause is not known. Cure, however, in the majority of cases, can be attained.

The problem of the origin of cancer is being attacked in various countries; at the special cancer laboratories in Buffalo and Boston, and the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York; in the various cancer laboratories in London, Berlin, Heidelberg and elsewhere in Europe, and in many ordinary laboratories all over the world. It is being attacked by the microscopist to find any specific cell or germ or parasite which may cause it. It is being attacked by the chemists to see if there is any peculiar chemical reaction or agent or compound discoverable in specimens of cancer. It is being attacked by the experimenter to see if, by inoculations in varying ways and under varying conditions into animals of various species, the cause may be discovered.

But thus far, in spite of an enormous amount of work by the shrewdest thinkers, investigators and experimenters all over the world, the quest has been fruitless. No, not fruitless, for we have learned what means and what methods will *not* solve the riddle, and that, therefore, our investigations must be made in other ways.

Shall we ever find out the cause? Assuredly yes. I cannot even believe that the solution of this dreadful problem will long be delayed. Once the cause is found, we can attack the problem of cure from a far more advantageous point, and the treatment, especially the preventive treatment, will become more intelligent and more efficacious. Very possibly it may banish the knife—a consummation devoutly to be prayed for, and one which will be welcomed by no one more heartily than the surgeon, for his daily life is constantly saddened by having to treat so many of these hopeless cases of suffering.

But cure, practically a permanent cure, is even now obtained in the majority of cases. This welcome news should be diffused throughout the community, especially among women, who suffer so much more frequently than men. This cure is attained by *early* and *thorough removal*.

### The One Sure Cure for Cancer

NOTE that two elements are needful for this happy end. First, *early removal*. The chances of cure are immensely increased by early operation. Deferring the operation only gives time for the disease to invade the tissues more widely and to taint the whole system, for cancer at its beginning is an entirely local disease and it requires some time to infect the system. This factor in the cure is wholly dependent on the patient. Pain—it is of the utmost importance to impress this idea upon the community—Pain has nothing whatever to do with the danger of any such lump. A cancerous lump *may be of the most malignant character and yet the patient may suffer no pain for many months*. The rule should be invariable: whenever you discover any lump anywhere, painful or painless, seek the surgeon—not necessarily for his knife, but for his advice. It is for him to determine whether the lump is a cancer or not. If it is a cancer, at the present time no treatment other than operation—except in a very few cases of which the surgeon will be the best judge—should be considered. All drugs, quack doctors, salves and such-like simply delay the final treatment, often until it is too late. The X-Rays, in some cases of superficial cancer, do good; possibly the Finsen light may prove useful. But these means are applicable only to exceptional cases.

The second element necessary to success is *thorough* removal. This is the surgeon's duty. The incomplete operations done, say before 1890, were nearly always followed by recurrence. The thorough operations done since then show cures of over 50 per cent. Early operation gives even a better percentage of cures.

In one form even of inoperable malignant disease—sarcoma, as distinguished from true cancer—we can occasionally obtain benefit, but rarely a cure, by the injection of a preparation of the germ of erysipelas. It might be termed "setting a thief to catch a thief."

The late Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, my own dear friend and pastor, often and most impressively said to me: "Depend upon it, you will find that the statement of Holy Writ—'the blood is the life thereof'—in years to come will be found literally true." The last ten or fifteen years are proving that he was a true prophet. But the problem has been so recently attacked that it has not yet been half solved.

The blood has been and still is being studied in two ways: (1) The pressure of the blood as a fluid flowing in flexible tubes (the arteries and veins), and (2) the various normal and abnormal elements found in the blood itself.

The whole subject is most fascinating and as interesting as any romance, but to do more than merely indicate a few points of surgical importance is impossible. Even these must be treated in a most superficial way.

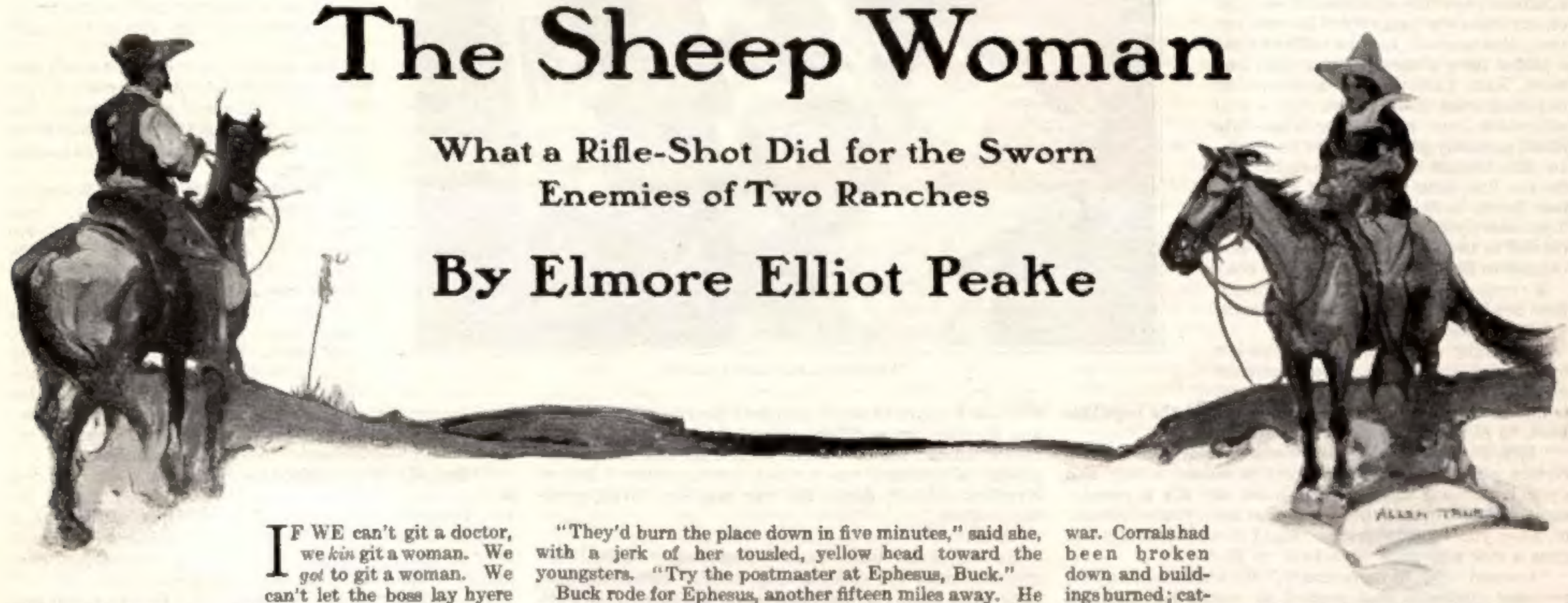
1. *Blood pressure.* Accurate knowledge of the exact pressure under which the blood circulates in the blood-vessels, exactly as water does in a city's water-supply pipes, can only be obtained by inserting a tube into an artery or vein, and connecting this by a rubber tube with a glass tube containing mercury. The height to which the column of mercury is pushed up shows the blood pressure. By this means, in many different blood-vessels and under many different conditions, the actual facts have been ascertained. Evidently this method can only be adopted on animals. Very ingenious instruments, however, have been devised to obtain the blood pressure in man—in health, in various disease and after accidents—with approximate accuracy and without such an operation. The instruments are usually applied to the artery in the arm above the elbow.

(Continued on Page 39)

# The Sheep Woman

## What a Rifle-Shot Did for the Sworn Enemies of Two Ranches

## By Elmore Elliot Peake



IF WE can't git a doctor, we *kin* git a woman. We *got* to git a woman. We can't let the boss lay hyere and die like a heifer in a sink-hole."

The other cowboys about the bed in the front room of the ranch-house nodded their approval, but in the same dumb manner in which they had been staring at the mask-like face of the wounded man; while their lithe, brown hands, so deadly deft about the butt of a revolver, so sure on the reins of a pony or the rope of a steer, now hung as clumsily at their sides as a wax figure's.

"Couldn't we have One Lung fix him up somethin' hot and stren'thenin'?" timidly asked a lean six-footer whose appetite was a perennial nightmare to the Chinese cook.

"Say half a dozen fried eggs and a batch of sody biscuits," added another, with an irony so withering that the author of the gastronomic suggestion recoiled into the background, fairly cauterized.

Ignoring this side-play, Buck Bannister, the foreman, who had spoken first, passed outside, mounted his pony, and headed for Sinclair's "general store," fifteen miles away. He reined up at the doggery just an hour and five minutes later, though in his impatience it had seemed to him as if the little stallion had lost his boasted speed.

As bad luck would have it, Sinclair was away, and Mrs. Sinclair could not leave the business and her young brood even to nurse a man sick unto death.

"They'd burn the place down in five minutes," said she, with a jerk of her tousled, yellow head toward the youngsters. "Try the postmaster at Ephesus, Buck."

Buck rode for Ephesus, another fifteen miles away. He used the spur freely—more freely than he realized—and Sancho was blowing badly when Uncle Sam's little unpainted shanty, stuck on the desolate plain like a plum on a pudding, and constituting the whole of Ephesus, hove into view.

The door was unlocked, as usual; but it bore a placard which made Bannister groan:

"No mail till Friday. Back then. Help yourself. Stamps in till, and change up to five dollars. If your bills are bigger, take what you want and leave memorandum.

"L. H."

Which initials stood for Lucy Henderson.

This was only Wednesday, and Bannister headed for home with a heavy heart. He had played his hand and lost, for these two were the only women known to him within a radius of two hundred miles. Of course, he did not count Kate Cisney, the "sheep woman." Sheep and cattle mixed like oil and water in those days, and on general principles no self-respecting cattleman would acknowledge the existence of a wool-grower. But, in this instance, there was a particular reason for Bannister's not counting Kate Cisney. The natural hostility between the March and the Cisney ranches, aggravated by a boundary dispute, had recently flamed out in war—grim, relentless war. Corrals had been broken down and buildings burned; cattle had been stampeded and shot; sheep had been run to death by the thousand, or driven into rivers or over precipices, to perish miserably; and finally blood had been shed. In fact, the ball in Bradley March's breast, which had sent Bannister on his present errand, had come from the rifle of one of Kate Cisney's sheep-herders, in a skirmish the day before.

The Cisney ranch lay squarely between Ephesus and March's; and, as skirting a seventy-thousand-acre tract of land on a tired horse is not the pleasantest of pursuits, Bannister boldly decided to cross Miss Cisney's unfenced principality, though he knew well enough that, if seen and recognized by any of her Mexicans, they would shoot him as cheerfully as they would a rattlesnake. Therefore, he halted on an eminence for a reconnaissance.

In front lay the spacious adobe ranch-house. A mile or two to the north grazed a vast flock of sheep, spreading over the plain like a giant fungus. An equal distance to the south another flock grazed. Common prudence would have dictated that he make a detour around one or the other of these flocks. But in the daredevil spirit of his class he resolved to push straight ahead, taking care only to dip a good rifle-shot to the south of the house; for a Mexican, in spite of his contemptible marksmanship,

could occasionally hit a target as big as a man when he had a rest for his Winchester. Besides, there was Carlyle Cisney, Kate's younger brother, who, in spite of cigarettes and whisky, could still shoot in a manner worthy of his Kentucky forebears.

Bannister passed through the dangerous zone unscathed. But, a mile or two beyond the house, he descried a horse and rider rising into view from the farther side of one of the great, breastlike mounds which dotted the landscape. He hitched his gun into a handier position. But the next moment he hitched it back again, for his keen eyes had discovered that the rider, in spite of coat, trousers and cross-saddle, was a woman. No man's coat—at least none that Bannister had ever seen—had such an insweep at the waist, or fitted so perfectly at the breast, or fell away so gracefully at the hips. Moreover, the trousers were of a cut new to the plainsman, being very full above and tapering sharply to the knees, where they met a pair of maroon leggins. Her hat—one of the picturesque, conical Mexican straws—was worn with a piquancy which not even the most exquisite of caballeros could have surpassed; and from beneath it her black hair trailed down her back in a thick plait.

Any woman in this neighborhood, and in such a garb, must be Kate Cisney; but, had she needed further identification, it would have been found in the lamb which she carried against her breast—a gaunt, shivering, starving lamb, with closed eyes, and head resting wearily in the hollow of its savior's arm.

Now, Bannister had seen—and that only three days before—a hundred, yea, a thousand, of Kate Cisney's starving lambs in one flock, swaying weakly from side to side on their crooked, unsteady legs, with eyes full of dumb agony, and mouths open in piteous and unceasing cries for their mothers. He had also seen those mothers, dead and dying, with broken legs and backs and glazed eyes, at the foot of the cliff over which they had blindly rushed in an ecstasy of terror, with a squad of yelling, shooting cowboys behind them.

But the only emotion which either sight had stirred in him was a grim exultation over the spoliation of so much of an enemy's property. It was not until this moment that he realized what a pitiful thing a starving lamb was; and when Kate Cisney, after a sharp but not suspicious glance, gave him a civil salutation—not recognizing him—his cheek suddenly grew red under its brown. In that instant he had bethought him, for the first time in years, of a motherless lamb, back on the old farm in Tennessee, which his little sister had carried in from the pasture one day and begged to be allowed to keep for a pet.

He rode on for a hundred feet, perhaps; then he abruptly wheeled his pony about.

"Miss Cisney!" he called.

The young woman quietly reined her own pony about and waited without speaking. Speech, in that silent country, is not the coppers of courtesy which it is in the populous East, to be showered on every passing stranger.

"Miss Cisney," began Buck embarrassedly, but with a certain eloquent directness, "you're nussin' a sick and dyin' lamb back to life, and I must say it's a pleasin' sight. I know it ain't the valy of that lamb you're thinkin' of, when you've got so many. And I'm wonderin' if you'd nuss a sick and dyin' *man* back to life?"

"I would—if it were necessary," she answered in a low, resonant contralto that seemed to match her straight, firm lips and squarish chin. There she paused.

"No matter if he had worse than no valy for you?"

For a moment she looked steadily, half suspiciously, into Bannister's eyes, out of her own dark ones.

"Who is he?" she asked, and her tone seemed colder.

"Bradley March."

She did not start, or show any surprise. She simply dropped her eyes and laid a slim, brown hand—a beautiful, capable-looking hand—on the lamb's head and stroked it ever so gently.

"What is your name?" she asked, without lifting her eyes.

"I'm Buck Bannister, the foreman."

"A murderer," she observed quietly, almost gently, and peered into his face again with her disconcerting eyes.

Again Buck flushed hotly.

"A hard word, ma'am," said he meekly.

"A true word," she returned accusingly. Then, lifting her arm and pointing across the plain, she added: "There's his tombstone—your victim's tombstone—if one may call a painted board that."

Buck shifted uneasily in his saddle.

"I reckon no one kin swear that *I* shot him."

"*He* swore that you did—with his last breath. And, Mr. Bannister, God knows who shot him. That may seem a trifling fact to you; but, believe me, it is not. He marked the first murderer, and he has been marking them ever since. He will mark you. And *I* have marked you," she continued, with quick anger. "In that house are a dozen rifles thirsting for your blood, and I can assure you that it will not be long before their thirst is slaked."

"I reckon it will be, sooner or later, if this fussin' keeps up," he admitted. "When they git me, they'll find me ready."

"Ready? With a fellow-man's blood on your hands! And those mangled sheep there at the foot of the cliff! Oh, how *could* men do that! How could they wreak their hate for me on those dumb innocents!" Her voice broke, and tears leaped to her eyes.

Bannister lifted Sancho's reins. The man who could look on a thousand tortured sheep unmoved was preparing to flee from a woman's tears.

"Of course, they ain't no use in us arguin', Miss Cisney. You look at it from the sheep point; I look at it from the cow point. You think you're right about bound'ries, and we think we're right. And mebbe it was that same greaser layin' yander that plugged Bradley—and done him, *I* guess. I—I hope you'll pardon me for askin' what I did. I don't know what put me up to it, unless it was seein' that there lamb in your arms, and me just comin' from Sinclair's and Ephesus for a woman. Of course, it's natural you wouldn't want to nuss an enemy of your'n. I wouldn't, myself. But I just kinder thought, offhand —— Well, good-day, ma'am."

"Wait! What did you think?"

"Well, I kinder thought that, bein' a woman, and seein' that the fight is over—temporary, at least—and the boss down and out, so to speak, and dyin' and no doctor handy, and no nuss but us fellers, you might be more forgivin', mebbe, than a man. I know women air different, sometimes. My mother was a rebel, but she nussed lots of Nawthen soldiers durin' the war, and—— Well, good-day, ma'am."

"Wait!"

He did wait—until Sancho impatiently pawed the ground; until the tinkling bells of the distant homing flock came faintly to his ears; until the ghost of a voice at the ranch-house, calling the cows, announced that evening was drawing nigh. And still the doughty mistress of those broad acres sat in her cross-saddle with thoughtful, downcast eyes.

"I'll go on one condition," said she, at last. "You must pass me off as the postmistress at Ephesus. Mr. March has never seen either Miss Henderson or me. Deception will be as easy as it is innocent. I don't think I could go there in my own name. That would be *too* much."

"Could you come soon, ma'am?" asked Buck in a voice which fairly trembled from joy.

"I'll be there thirty minutes after you are."

"Then you'll have to ride like hell—eh, Sancho!" murmured Buck to himself, when Miss Cisney's back was turned, and in his exultation he actually hugged the pony. Then, with a touch of the spur, they were off like the wind.

She Made an Antiseptic Dressing

## II

KATE CISNEY cantered up to March's door at sunset—in skirts and side-saddle. Half a dozen cowboys, blushing furiously, but acting under orders from Buck, rushed out to meet her, vainly striving to hide their embarrassment under a show of cordiality. One caught her bridle; another helped her down—or would have done so, had he been a trifle quicker than chain lightning; a third relieved her saddle-bag of a neatly strapped bundle. The others, having nothing else to do, turned a few cartwheels—after she was safely inside.

March still lay in a stupor, with dull, half-open eyes. Miss Cisney advanced to the bed with almost professional matter-of-factness, before removing her hat. Then she gasped.

"His clothes!" she exclaimed, transfixing the startled Bannister with an indignant glance. "You haven't taken off his clothes!"

It was indeed true, as Bannister, blinking apologetically, noticed for the first time. It was clear enough also to him, now, that they should have been removed before.

"We was afraid we might bleed him, liftin' him around," he ventured mendaciously. "And then we thought mebbe he wouldn't mind 'em much, bein' out of his head."

"Bring me a pair of scissors. No—never mind."

Dropping to her knees, she stripped her bundle of its straps. She first drew forth a tiny medicine-case, and then, with a few swift passes of her hands, magically produced a pair of scissors. Rising, she threw the bedclothes from her patient—with another little gasp at his spurred boots—and inserting the scissors in his coat-sleeve she clipped, clipped vigorously along to his shoulder and then across the breast, laying the garment wide open. After repeating the operation on the other side, she attacked his vest, and then his flannel shirt. Next she unlaced his tan boots and gently worked them off, waving Bannister aside. The patient's socks followed; and then, seizing her scissors again, she started up his trouser-leg—at which the cowboys, except Bannister, incontinently fled. Finally, when the necessary slashing was all done, she skillfully slipped her arm under the wounded man's back.

"Now, when I lift him, you pull his clothes away—gently!" she commanded.

Bannister, with a miserable sense of helplessness, and feeling that *he* should have done the lifting, but not daring to say so, did as he was bidden. He found compensation, though, in the hope which was flickering in his breast for the first time.

"Now, a basin of tepid water, soap, and a clean washrag—if you have such a thing."

She dropped four or five tablets into the water from a little brown bottle labeled "Poison," and cleansed the wound. Then, unwinding a roll of medicated cotton, she made an antiseptic dressing.

"Regular doctor!" declared Bannister admiringly, when he rejoined the men outside. "And handy with shears! No wonder she's in the wool business. She could go through a sheep while a man was mixin' lather to shave hisself with."

"One Lung," the Chinese cook, was a past master of his art and the pride of the ranch. But the new nurse would have none of him. Neither was she the least disconcerted, when she invaded his province, by his autocratic airs; and she made a bowl of broth as coolly under the critical stare of his slant eyes as if he had been a wooden idol in a joss-house.

At last she had a chance to sit down and study March as a woman studies a man, not a nurse her patient. He was thirty-five, perhaps, with light hair which had a tendency to wave. She did not like light hair with a tendency to wave. It made her think of a man she had once known—whose name she had once borne, in fact, in spite of her present maiden cognomen. *His* hair was light and wavy, and he had the presence of a god—with a hint of obesity. The world knew him as a gentleman, a polished orator, a knight-errant among women, a prince of good fellows. His wife knew him as a glutton, a liar and a coward. Further, he was an egotist and a tyrant.

For five years she had tolerated the repulsive relation, protecting herself as best she might by feigning the frigid austerity of a nun. Then one night her husband was shot—perhaps justifiably. She paid his debts to the last cent; after which, with no stigma on the maiden name which she reassumed, but with a distaste for society, especially the society of men, she bade her native Kentucky good-by, and took her fortune West.

She had nursed her husband once through an attack of gastritis—and she was quite sure she would never forget the experience. To be sure, she had since nursed a number of other men, here in the West, who had shown no such petulance, intolerance of pain and craven fear of death. But these patients were either Mexicans or men of low degree, creatures living close to Mother Earth and imbued, like wild animals, it seemed, with her stoical spirit—ready to live, if they could; ready to die, if they must.

She still had her suspicions of that finished product called a gentleman; and in the case of her present patient,

who had waged war against her, she had more definite reasons for doubting his possession of many cardinal virtues. Yet, she would be fair. The war had been simmering for months before this man bought the ranch, and she knew that neither her brother nor her Mexican herders could be called angels.

"You are very sick," said she sympathetically, when his eyes suddenly opened.

"I see sheep—dead sheep," he murmured faintly. "I told them not to—I told them not to."

Her heart magically softened toward him.

He was much better the next morning. At least, when she dressed his wound, and had sewed the last band of muslin over his splendid chest, he quite unexpectedly reached across his body with his left arm and took her hand and smiled, childlike.

"I dreamt last night that an angel had come down from Heaven to nurse me."

He was not yet rational; nevertheless, she flushed deeply, and gently tried to disengage her hand. But his grip tightened, like a mischievous boy's, while he still smiled; and she submitted quietly—as women do when they must. Yet an hour afterward, to her chagrin, her heart still fluttered strangely. She had wondered if he were married. She decided that he was not. But why was she so afraid of him, bed-bound and helpless as he was?

When she undressed that night, in the room adjoining his, she stood at the window—a ghostly figure in the moonlight—and gazed across the plain toward the Goat Horns, in whose cañon so many of her sheep lay, spreading a banquet-table for vultures by day and wolves by night. For a long time she stood there, motionless, with her brow knit in thought. Then, suddenly, as if a decision had at last been born, she dressed again, dropped lightly out of the window to the ground, and passed to the rear of the house, toward the stable.

An hour later she drew rein at the low adobe stable of her own ranch, and stepped into a room murky with tobacco and reeking with the odor of lamps and horses. A dozen Mexicans were scattered about. The only white man present was a slender youth, with a weak, dissipated face and a braggadocio air that seemed the result of intoxication—her brother.

"No raid to-night!" said Kate quietly, in the hush which followed her unexpected appearance.

"Why not?" demanded young Cisney, in astonishment.

"For a reason which I can't make public to-night," she answered firmly enough, but not without embarrassment. "I—I will explain later."

"We've got to know now—eh, Pedro?" blustered the brother, appealing to a sinister-looking Mexican. "We're screwed up to this thing, and we can't let down without a few shots at somebody."

Kate ignored his challenge and, either from habit or to escape further embarrassing questions, passed down the line of horses, speaking to one, laying her hand upon the haunch of another, and scrutinizing all.

She had no sooner turned her back than Pedro crossed the room with the noiseless tread of a panther and whispered something in young Cisney's ear. The little despot first lifted his fist, as if to strike his swarthy pal. Then he hurried down the narrow space behind the stalls after his sister.

Lifted His Fist as if to Strike

"Is it true what I hear—where you've been—in that scoundrel's house—nursing him?" he demanded, with livid lips.

He did not overwhelm her, as he had evidently expected to. She stooped and calmly examined a cut on a pony's hock before speaking. Yet when she rose her face was pale.

"Brother, I am my own mistress, and the mistress of this ranch. I am doing only what I think is right. When you are soberer, I may tell you more. And, remember—no raid to-night."

Before he could speak again, she had passed out. Why had she countermanded the carefully-planned raid on March's cattle? It had been easy enough to evade the question, coming from her brother's lips. It was not so easy now when it was echoed, repeatedly and distinctly, from her own breast, on her swift ride back to the cattle-ranch. Nevertheless, she did evade it. But she who usually sank to sleep as softly and as readily as a babe tossed restlessly for more than an hour this night, haunted by a vision of light curls clinging to a damp brow. Moreover, though a cowboy was watching with March, she arose during the night, slipped on a dressing-gown, and noiselessly entered the sick-room. The watcher was as wide awake as an owl, and March was sleeping peacefully. She approached the bed, felt her patient's pulse, and then retired—without speaking, thankful for the friendly dimness of the shaded lamp.

### III

IN THE days which followed nurse and patient "got along," in the expressive phrase of the foreman to one of the boys whom he had found it necessary to take into his confidence. "*I* have changed my mind about the sheep woman," he continued. "You bet. She kin call me any time for all I've got. Still and nevertheless, it's a shame to palm her off on the boss for L. Henderson."

"I reckon he's dead give away all our schemes for fightin' them greasers by this time," observed the other gloomily.

"Well, 'tween you and me, Redtop," returned Buck sagely, "there won't be much more fightin', *I* gamble. And I ain't sorry. My hide kivers me very comf'ably, and I ain't achin' to be separated from it."

Miss Cisney rode home each day to keep the machinery in motion there—her brother was worse than useless for that purpose. March, who supposed that she went out only for exercise, invariably cautioned her to avoid the sheep-ranch, since, as his nurse, she would certainly be regarded as a partisan.

"You don't think they'd shoot a woman?" she asked one day, with a curious light in her eyes.

"A bullet is not the worst fate that can come to a woman," he answered significantly. "And I don't know that they wouldn't shoot you. They're a band of assassins. The day I was shot I was not fighting. I was not even armed. I was writing when I heard the firing, and I jumped on a horse and rode out—foolishly, no doubt—to stop the murderous work. The contestants were lined up three or four hundred yards apart, lying flat on the ground. I suppose I made a tempting target, and I soon discovered that some one was shooting at me, though I was plainly a non-combatant. Finally, through my glasses, I made out young Cisney, lying behind a dead steer and shooting at me as coolly as if I were a turkey. I held up my hands to show that they were empty, and then—I woke up and found you bending over me. That's a Cisney."

She first went white, and then scarlet.

"I am so glad that I have been able to undo in part their cruel work," said she, and her lips trembled curiously.

March watched her gravely for a moment.

"Lucy"—it was the first time he had used the name—"would you be willing to perform the same sweet office for me through life—withdrawing the stings and arrows of fortune in whatever form they may come? I have no home worth the name. You have none. Can't we join forces and make one—one of the dearest the world ever saw, even though its site be these desolate plains? We have not known each other long, but we do know each other well."

He saw that his question had not taken her unawares, but he was by no means able to decipher the meaning of the wild light which flared up in her eyes for a moment, and then quickly disappeared—veiled, or snuffed out.

"How well?" she asked, with an odd, little smile which seemed to tremble on the verge of a sob. "You have seen me through the distorted vision of a sick man's eyes. I, as your nurse, and anxious for your recovery, have been on my best behavior. Can't you see that we don't know each other at all? Moreover, you have a father, a mother and two sisters back East. If you should marry me under these circumstances do you think they would regard me as much better than an adventuress? But you mustn't talk any more now. Your cheeks are flushed, and the fever will be back again."

When she thought him asleep she arose to smooth his pillow. Perhaps she bent lower than was necessary. Anyhow, a pair of strong arms encircled her neck, her head was drawn still lower, and their lips touched. She quickly closed her eyes to hide the lightnings within, and for a moment her hurried breath played on his cheek. Then she gently disengaged his arms. He smiled up at her.

"You should have been asleep," said she soberly.

In the morning she was gone. March, incredulous of even Buck Bannister's word, staggered to the door of her room and peered dizzily within. Not only she, but every token of her was gone—all except a faint perfume which clutched the lover's heart like some mysterious drug as he stood there, trembling from weakness. Later they found a note on the pincushion.

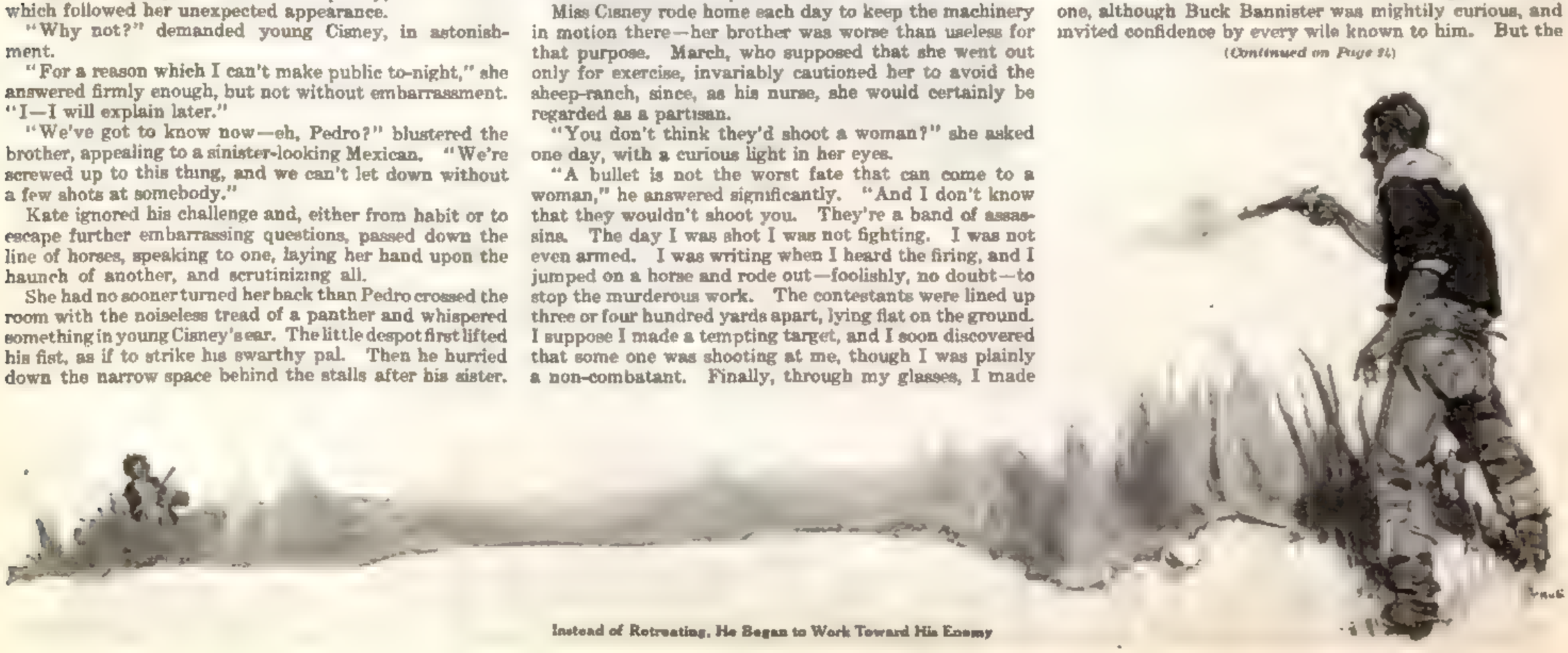
"You need me no longer, and I return to my work," it ran. "It is better so—take my word for it, dear friend. If you love me, do not follow me. Only unhappiness and disillusion will result. I do not ask you to forget—for *I* shall not forget. But do not try to remember. Simply lay our experience away in the lavender of memory, and, some day, when it is safe, take it out again."

March sat up for the first time that day—had his nurse still been there she would probably have forbidden it. With set lips and furrowed brow, he alternately stared into the east, where Ephesus lay, and reread the note, over and over again.

"The dear little thing—the dear little thing!" he would murmur to himself. It was strange—attributable to his weakness, he told himself—but each time he repeated the words his lip trembled, his eyes grew dim, and a peculiar, sinking tenderness which was almost painful flooded his breast.

However, he did not discuss his nurse's flight with any one, although Buck Bannister was mightily curious, and invited confidence by every wile known to him. But the

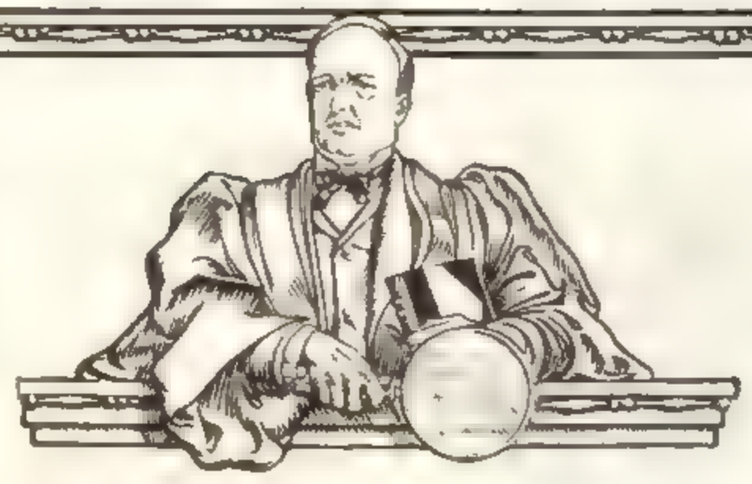
(Continued on Page 24)



Instead of Retreating, He Began to Work Toward His Enemy

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



### The Man from Alaska

TOM CALE left Vermont ten years ago and went to Alaska to seek his fortune. He was no sanguine youth with dreams of finding a few pecks of nuggets that would buy luxury and power for him. Instead, he was fifty years old, and the reason he went to Alaska was because he knew, if he could do no better there than he was doing in Vermont, certainly he could do no worse. Fortune had never smiled on Tom in Vermont, never so much as looked his way with a stern, set expression, even.

Cale thought he would try mining, but he had no obsession on the subject. He was willing to try anything else that came along, and what he lighted on, finally, was cutting cordwood. He found there are but two classes of people in the gold regions: people who are trying to get gold and people who are trying, generally with success, to get the gold away from the original getters. Merchandizing isn't so exciting as mining, but, in the long run, it is a heap more profitable to almost everybody who gets frozen in the frozen North.

There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three, or words to that effect, the writers about Alaska tell us. Tom Cale found that another thing, besides law, that was scarce north of fifty-three was wood. There were plenty of men in the country who were more capable of cutting wood than doing anything else, but they wouldn't cut it. They were there to find gold. So Cale cut the wood. Even miners whose blood is boiling with the excitement of the chase after the elusive pay-dirt have to use cordwood, for boiling blood makes no tea and fries no bacon. Cale was there with his wood, and he sold it at prices that would make the observer from the more sedate side of fifty-three think the wood was teak wood or white mahogany or something of that kind.

If Cale had merely cut wood in Alaska there would have been nothing to it. He would have been cutting wood yet. What he did do was to cut wood until he had a few hundred dollars saved. Then he would exchange the prosaic axe and saw for the pan of the prospector and dash madly up a creek to find some gold for himself. He didn't find any. He couldn't. Ten men might wash out some sand taken from the same creek and nine of them get color. If Tom Cale was the tenth he wouldn't get anything but rheumatism. He was so unlucky that the prospectors used to think he was a hoodoo, and urge him to go away and prospect by himself.

#### Sawed Wood and Talked All the Time

AS SOON as his money was gone he would come back and cut more wood, and, contrary to the usual admonition that makes for success, he didn't saw wood and say nothing. He sawed wood and talked all the time. The truth of it is that Thomas Cale had ideas about things, and he expressed them freely. If he had lived in Kansas in the Populist days Cale would have joined that aggregation of high thinkers and low performers. As he lived in Alaska, where there were no parties, he made a party of his own.

His party was the party of the miners—not the men who owned mines, but the men who worked in them with pick and shovel, the fellows who got from six to fifteen dollars a day and had none of the responsibility and as fine a line of grievances as were ever breathed through the whiskers of Peffer, the Populist Senator from Kansas. Nobody who has never been in Alaska can understand the conflict between the miners and everybody else, and most people who have been in Alaska are hazy about the facts. We have it on impeccable authority, however, that the miner is a simple and guileless creature, who wears a constant necklace of callosities fashioned by the iron heels of the transportation companies, the lawyers, the merchants, the judges and everybody else who can afford a pair of boots with that kind of a heel. If time is hanging heavy, the proper thing to do is to go out and oppress a miner. It is all the rage to swindle these horny-handed children out of the fruits of their honest toil—to hear the miners tell it.

Anyhow, that is the Cale theory and it worked, for it wasn't long until Cale, between dashes up creeks loaded down with beans and bacon and the hope that springs eternal, and slow walks back with no freight of any kind save some frostbitten hope, began agitating. He proclaimed that the miners, the men with the pick and shovel, are the men who have made Alaska thus far, and

Tom Cale, Delegate from Alaska

are to be the architects of all future additions, wings, ells, bow windows, turrets and green blinds that shall be placed on that structure. Inasmuch as there are more miners than anybody else in Alaska, this theory proved immediately popular. It was adopted by the miners with a whoop.

Congress shilly-shallied with the proposition to give Alaska a delegate in Congress for a long time. Then some wise man took Uncle Joe Cannon and a number of House leaders up there and showed them some of the edges of the wonderful country. Uncle Joe came back and allowed the bill creating a delegate to pass. Now, a delegate in Congress gets all the pay and perquisites of a Representative and he has as many megaphone privileges. He can talk every time the Speaker will let him, but when it comes to voting he is gently, but firmly, told to go and sit in the cloakroom. He has all the functions but the important function. Still, a smart delegate can do a good deal for his Territory before committees and in telling the House what is needed.

This bill gave Tom Cale his opportunity. He was the friend of the miners. He was for the pick-and-shovel men. He said he would like to go as a delegate and the miners nominated him. The politicians made a nomination or two, but there was no chance to beat Tom Cale. The miners were all for him and the storekeepers had to support him, because the miners support the storekeepers. The lawyers and the corporations were against Cale. He gloried in that. When he was at his best he was sinking shafts into the lawyers and showing there was no ore in them worth milling.

"I do not think," he said, "that all the brains and all the integrity and all the principle of this or any other country is tied up in the lawyers." You could hear for a mile the Tanana Miners Association yell over that.

#### Walked Forty Miles to Cast His Vote

CALE, who was named for the long term, and his running mate, Waskey, the short-termer, were as non-partisan as two candidates ever were. They were the candidates of the miners and of nobody else. If you ask Cale what party he belongs to he will tell you he belongs to the Alaska party, and that about covers it. There were nine thousand votes cast in the election. In some cases the polling-places were one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. One man, seventy years old, walked forty miles to vote for Cale, and many a man who had gone up the creeks searching for gold walked or snowshoed from fifty to one hundred miles to get in a vote. The most disappointed man in Alaska was a Swede who had struck it rich, and who came in and found it didn't cost him a thousand dollars for the privilege of saying Tom Cale should go to Congress. When a man is backed by a spirit like that there is no chance to defeat him.

The miners knew they had a spokesman in Cale. He had swung a pick and handled a shovel. He had lived on bacon and beans for weeks at a time when prospecting, and, although he finally had some luck up near Fairbanks and got some money, they considered him one of them, just the same. The men from Ophir Creek, from Casa de Paga, from Gold Run, Tin City, Candle and the Immachuck, from Rampart, Koyuyuk and Skagway took as much time off as was needed to get to the polls, and were glad to lose their wages to help Cale along. He won, and then he came down to Washington to look things over.

He is a big, upstanding chap, with broad shoulders and a thick chest. He has a deep bass voice, and when he gets in action he is as earnest as a revivalist. He thinks he can do much for Alaska, and he may do something, for he has the advantage of knowing, at first hand, what Alaska needs. They will let him talk in the House, and it will be interesting if he takes one of his slants against the lawyers. His proposition that a man need not be a lawyer to be a good legislator is horse-sense, but it is not popular in a House where seventy-five per cent. of the legislators are lawyers.

Still, Cale won't care about that. Life in Alaska is conducive of direct thought and plain speech, and the miners will stand behind Cale to a man, whatever he says

# POOR MAN'S LAND

Hydraulic Mining, Topkok Ditch Company, Bluff, Alaska

## The Lair of Opportunity in the Frozen North

## BY REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF THE SPOILERS

I FIRST met Captain Henry Finch in Nome—a short, square, deaf man, just sufficiently hard of hearing to render him politely disregardful of those who opposed him. We foregathered in 1900, as members of that hungry horde that sniped along the surf edge, taking some millions of dollars from the sands of Bering—that is, the horde did. *We* didn't. In those days it was ever the desire of our souls to get a few feet farther out into the ocean's edge, for the closer we worked to the water-mark the richer were our diggings; but, always, the running sands or the pounding breakers drove us back. At such times the Captain stared at the frothing, tumbling barrier and swore that some day he would get even. As I say, he is a short, square, one-convictioned man, and his chin is as if hewn from a block of iron-wood, therefore I was not surprised to learn that he had done the impossible—that he walks upon the sand beneath the surf that foiled the rest of us.

Claim-Jumpers Have Been Here. Corner of a Rich Placer Mine. Each Stake Represents an Adverse Title

Undoubtedly the cry of "Gold!" makes hot the blood of man, and no matter where the metal hides some hazardous one will search it out. This miner friend of mine creeps under the ice of Bering Sea, and digs in deep water that is freezing. When the winter winds howl down from the North, and the sluggish quicksilver drops to forty below, when other men are snugly housed, the Captain puts on his rubber suit, connects his air-pump, and, sinking through the icy waters, wanders on the bottom, digging for treasure. He goes without let or hindrance across the untrodden domain of Uncle Sam, his claims are never jumped; he takes his time, for no other is there to hurry or to jostle him, he has no competition, there are no tracks but his.

Imagine stepping out of a warm cabin into the snow on a morning when the mercury is frozen and your nose grows white before you can rub it, chopping the ice out of your swimming-hole, and then submerging yourself for hours!

Ouch!

It beats all, what some men will do for money.

Captain Finch worked out the smallest details of the scheme himself, for, being a diver all his life, he has been to the bottom of things before, as it were. Likewise, he has seen death at close range, so often and in such ugly forms that he takes it by the hand. He only smiled at those who prophesied disaster, and was too deaf to hear their croakings.

First he built a portable pumping plant on runners, housed in like a freight car, containing engine and centrifugal sand-sucker. Attached to this he raised a line of sluices for washing the sand and separating it from its values. Within the shack he also placed an air-pump, and with it men he could count upon, for this was the breath of his nostrils. Clad in heavy woolens underneath his rubber armor, the little gentleman walked down his ladder, through six feet of ice, entered the waters, and rang to start the engine.

You wonder why it is necessary to pickle one's self in freezing brine this way? Captain Finch manages the suction of his pump by hand, moving it about, freeing it from rocks and obstacles, for the ocean's bed is overlaid with many boulders which would clog the aperture. Besides, he prefers to dig far in under the ice, where no machinery could reach.

"If I had a hot-tempered boy, and wanted to cool him off," said the Captain, "I'd train him as my understudy. One shift would fix him plenty. I've been helped out many times so numb and chilled that I'd hug the stove for hours, or lie in my bed all night, too cold to sleep. It's different than the ordinary cold—it goes all through you. I've chattered the enamel off my teeth."

As a protection to the life which he has gambled so lightly for these many years he invented a submarine telephone, through which he talks to his helpers and regulates his machinery. His son stands constant guard, a headpiece underneath his cap, his hands upon the levers, stopping or starting the engine, so that his father may free the end of the suction pipe when a flat rock clamps on to it, shutting off the rush of sand. Unless the flow is stopped there is danger that the operator's hand may be seized and held in trying to free it of obstruction.

To facilitate the diver's work the pipe, as well as the ladder, is painted white. When working under the ice, close in toward the shore, it becomes necessary for the Captain to lie flat, or crouch double, in his cramped quarters, and always there is the burden of countless tons above him, the ever-creeping chill that slows his blood, and the ever-constant danger, waiting, waiting patiently. In one brief instant, any slightest mishap would snuff out that spark that glows so doggedly in his body, and his going would be of a nature that is not pleasant.

To me, this seems the most perilous mining I have ever seen. At best the task is cruel, and deserving of a big reward, but the weight of the waters has compressed my friend's language, till it is a work of difficulty to loosen more than a word or so. However, he states that his operations have been successful, and that the game "looks good to him." That is as far as any one has gone with him.

Another man, some time ago, conceived a similar idea, of waiting until winter had stilled the surf, and then lowering himself through the ice in a diving-bell. The common or garden breed of diving-bell does not grow in Alaska, so he rigged up a home-made conical device of several tons' weight, swung it upon sheers set over an aperture, and one warm day, when the thermometer had sizzled up to the dizzy height of ten degrees below zero, he crawled inside, and said to his friends:

"Come on, boys; the water is fine!"

Then he blithely bade them lower away.

Now, he lacked either the ingenuity or the experience of Captain Finch, who came later, for something went wrong with his apparatus and it partially upset, pinning him inside and underneath in such a position that only his head remained above water, and he could keep from drowning only by clinging to the inside of the bell. He was entirely out of reach of his assistants, and, when they undertook to raise the affair, they broke their tackle, and realized that he would perish of the cold unless they got him out quickly. They fled in every direction, while the owner's teeth beat a castanet accompaniment to his yells as he hung with his nose a hand's breadth above the surface. A team of horses was hurried there, stout derricks raised, and the man eventually

Cordova, Alaska, June 11, 1906. Cordova Thirty Days Old—Twelve Saloons and a Sawmill

rescued, after having been immersed for an impossible time—something like an hour and a half, I am told. This chilled his ardor, and the diving-bell was for sale soon after.

In strong contrast to these risky methods of mining is that practiced by the Three Friends Mining Company, a few miles down the coast. A great dredge operates day and night, doing in one day the work of three hundred men or more. It represents a type of gold extractor in common use from Nome to Dawson, a thousand miles to the eastward. Rumor had it, while I was in the former place, that it washed three thousand cubic yards of gravel daily, carrying an average value of a dollar a yard; but the owners of mining properties are ever reticent, unless they are on a losing venture. This is not all profit, note you, for the machine burns many tons of coal per shift, every lump of which has come three thousand miles.

As an instance of the progress in these valleys, which a few summers ago were desolate wastes of moss and alder, steps have been taken to dam the outlet of a lake well back from Nome, and, at an expense of millions, develop electric power to operate many such dredges over wide areas of the low-grade ground.

This means, to an extent, the passing of the poor man's day in the Nome District, but in every direction there are countless leagues of untrodden territory unopened and unprospected. Poor men will uncover it.

The moral color of this story is not fixed. I merely tell a tale of opportunities, and of the men who grasped them. Therefore it is permissible, perhaps, to paint a picture in crimson tints and let the moral take care of itself. I choose to tell of the rise and reign of Soapy Smith, the redoubtable ruler of Skagway, and thereby show that not every worker in the North need feel the aches of wind and water in his quest.

Soapy claimed Denver as his residence, but there is certain indignant denial of this, mainly on the part of Denverites; however, he was of the West, and a humble member of that greatest of all professions, salesmanship. He was a good salesman, too, and his camping place was ever close to the trail of the gleaming dollar, whether it wound through the arid desert or the cobbled streets of a great city. He sold soap. He sold it in small cubes, on street-corners, wrapping up each piece in full view of his customer, but his operations gained distinction over those of a grocery clerk, in that he wrapped with his merchandise certain banknotes of varying figures. He sold the packets intact for fifty cents, greenbacks and all, loudly proclaiming the while that his trade was conducted irrespective of the premiums, and that he who purchased with an eye solely to the money inside was a gambler—most reprehensible of creatures. No one, I believe, ever kicked on the quality of Mr. Smith's soap. So his business was doubtless legitimate, and its only drawback was that he could not sell the same man twice. He acquired, in time, the sobriquet of Soapy, which clung to him long after he had educated the West to the fact that he was no philanthropist, and that there was nothing wrong with his head.

On one occasion, being arrested for gambling, he answered his accusers in lines which are famous.

"I am charged with gambling," said he. "Will you please define the crime, Mr. Judge?"

"To gamble is to engage for profit in a game of chance," replied the limb of the law.

"Not guilty!" announced Soapy. "There's not the slightest element of chance in my games."

On the crest of the Klondike wave Mr. Smith landed in Skagway, one of that army of Argonauts who paused here preparatory to their rush for Dawson. Thousands passed weekly, all with some money, many with much. A town

Captain Finch Dredging for Gold Under Six Feet of Solid Ice in Bering Sea, Nome, Alaska

grew up in a trice, a town of transients, who tarried only for a day. One day was sufficient, thought Soapy. It was a town of high prices, of little law and much license. A horde of ruffians followed the pack, and here Mr. Smith established, gathering to himself each and every crook that came his way, and assigning them to certain duties, organizing his forces till he controlled each thug and thief in the place, was dictator of the dives, and threatened to elect himself mayor of the city. He effected a union of the lawless so much more thorough than that of the honest residents that he became a czar, and inaugurated the boldest reign of crime that was ever known, perhaps. He corrupted public officials, and suborned a newspaper editor, which is not so expensive as buying the plant, and equally effective. He distributed his deputies so cleverly that the law-abiding populace began to doubt each other, and dared not make known their indignation. He bulldozed the righteous residents, and took toll from the travelers. He robbed in daylight and in darkness, on the trails and in the saloons. Only under the unsettled conditions that prevailed there could such a carnival of graft have been possible, for every man was a stranger to his neighbor, except the crooks, who were fraternal and had coalesced.

Vigilantes were formed, but Soapy crammed the meetings with his thugs, and they appointed him as chief. Committees of public safety were drawn, and his henchmen were a majority. He organized uniformed troops which he called the Smith Guards, and made them parade the streets with banners eulogizing him. The Spanish War was raging at the time—if it may be said that it raged at all—and, with the grim humor of the North, he offered the Secretary of War their services, receiving in return a warm letter declining the tender on account of the cost of transportation, but full of the Government's thanks and appreciation of his patriotism. Now, this would get a laugh in any land. The patriots of Smith's Guards screamed with glee, and smote each other in such delight that they smashed their walnut-shells and broke the delicate mechanisms of their holdouts.

The nerve of their King was incredible, his boldness Gargantuan. No one knows the treasure he diverted from its recognized channels, but, in time, the decent people were enabled to demonstrate their honesty to each other, and so they got together with cautious cunning. One night they called a meeting. To avoid a repetition of former fiascos they met on a wharf with guards at the shore end, who passed only those of proven worth. Mr. Smith heard of the caucus, and, armed with a Winchester, endeavored single-handed to constitute himself a majority of those present. His efforts bogged down lamentably, for a gentleman named Reid herded a .38-calibre bullet neatly through his left ventricle, and thereby closed a career of unusual promise. Mr. Reid was, in turn, killed by the soap-seller, but a monument stands over him, inscribed: "To the man who saved Skagway."

The quondam Soapy undoubtedly had talent and the sense to see opportunities. Had his capabilities run in other grooves he might have gone far in the North which hungers for initiative men. Others up there are doing equal things, and in an honest way. Such a one I met on my summer's trip.

Some people think in pints, while others have the mental sweep of a freshet. The former wrap lean legs about a bookkeeper's stool, and in forty years receive a gold watch of fourteen jewels, with the commendation of the boss. The latter wander astray through regions of fantastic enterprise, and are called failures, till some dream takes solid form, whereupon they are Captains of Commerce. For myself, I admire him who dreams big dreams. I care for such a one as lacks a microscopic gaze. I like a man who stares with eyes of prophecy.

John Ballaine was a Seattle newspaper man, and as such possessed of no great means. He had the gift of sight, however, and he saw Alaska, vast, untracked and inaccessible. Then he saw a railroad from open water, in across the mountain barrier, to the great valleys where men miss mail from home for months, and where they are building another State or two. He had no money to build a railroad with. He had no knowledge of large financial matters. The intricacies of promotion were as a maze to him. He had no standing, backing nor insight, as such things are known in moneyed centres, but he wanted to build a railroad, and he fell to work.

To-day the Alaska Central is running, and I rode on it out through timbered valleys, through pastures where the grass grew shoulder high and the distant hills were ablaze with wild flowers, through long tunnels, past great, moveless glaciers, out to where armies of men were blasting and grading their way toward the big country beyond. It was no jerk-water logging tram, but a standard-gauge railroad with a maximum grade of two per cent., with heavy steel rails and every inch rock-ballasted. One certain mile and a half of it cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build.

Now, Mr. Ballaine did not do all of this himself, nor does he own it all, for great corporations are subject to seismic disturbances which render it harder, sometimes, to retain a seat on a directorate than on the water-wagon, and for a promoter to hold on it is necessary that he not only be a rough-rider, but that he also display the tenacity of a bulldog. He must sink his teeth deep, and hold on.

As it is, Mr. Ballaine hears the whistle of locomotives daily, and has seen a dream come true. The road is building in toward coal-fields which poor men have been holding for this day, and from which coal will be landed in San Francisco at six dollars per ton, or thereabouts. It will open new placer districts, and run, perhaps, to Nome—no one can tell. His neatest job, however, had to do with the terminus of the system. He owns the town.

In choosing a starting-point for the Alaska Central, Mr. Ballaine selected a land-locked bay, deserted since the day of the Russians, its only inhabitants a family of half-breeds. He paid them four thousand dollars for their homestead rights, and then bought a few dollars' worth of what is known as Soldiers' Additional Script, which is peculiar in that it is exchangeable for Alaskan land. In this way he got what other ground there was close by, and now when you set up shop in the bustling town of Seward you first purchase from Mr. Ballaine a lot whereon to plant your fig-tree. It takes but a few acres at a thousand dollars a lot

Bird's-Eye View of Seward, Alaska, June, 1906. The One-Man Town of Seward, Terminus of the Alaska Central Railway. The Town-Site is Owned by John Ballaine, a Former Newspaper Man

Loading Passengers for Steamship St. Paul, Semon Lighterage Company, Nome, Alaska

to start a bank account. In fact, if you retain money enough after Mr. Ballaine is through with you to start one of your own you do it in his bank.

He talked with, or rather at, me in sonorous figures concerning the future of his city. He showed me the site of a proposed Alaskan University. He took me by the elbow, and with free hand and freer rhetoric painted the glories of this place so vividly, showed me its commercial greatness, its geographical and climatic advantages, its artistic, musical, dramatic and ethical superiority over every other spot on the globe, so convincingly, that I realized indeed here was the Mecca of my dreams. I agreed with him that Seward was where I must live and have my being, that life in any other city would be a loathsome existence. At last I wrenched myself free and fled to my hotel. I took my money from beneath the mattress, unrolled the sock from about it, counted it carefully, and placed it deep in my trunk, underneath my extra pajamas. Then I locked it there and loaned the key to a trusted friend, lest I yield to the magnetic Mr Ballaine and be demonetized.

I spent the Fourth of July in Cordova, another railroad town, where other men were laying steel to tap the inside country. The place was sixty days young—or old, as you please—at the time, and had twelve saloons, all fitted with expensive furniture. They also boasted other fixtures which cost the customers more than the owners. The shortest railroad in Alaska was in operation here. It was a half-mile long, and paid two hundred dollars a day to the owners. Its rolling-stock was a push-car, its daily expenses a peck of oats, its roundhouse a stable, wherein the motive power switched its tail at the flies, and hee-hawed loudly at us as we passed.

Thirty days after the birth of Cordova it was a running town with hundreds of men at work on wharves, grades and cuts, a sawmill cutting thirty thousand feet a day, and a newspaper with a society column. The editor was out when we called, so we untied the tent flaps and stepped in. There was a little army press of sausage-grinder style, and a single case of type.

"Here's a chance to get our names in the paper," said my companion. "He'll publish anything we set up."

"Right-o!" said I. "You boost me, and I'll boost you." Thereupon we fell to, and said all the nice things about each other that we could remember. We had been camping together for a month at that time, so it required about three lines apiece. Even so we ran out of caps and punctuation marks.

"What is that new building over yonder?" I inquired of the chief engineer, pointing out an edifice of large proportions upon which carpenters tattooed.

"I don't know. I haven't been over town to-day," he said, "and it wasn't there last night."

I found this to be true, so rankly do these places grow. Each boat brought in new men for whom there was no room to sleep, and yet the bosses cried, "More help!" There was work for twice the number they could get. I saw one fellow living in a deserted pigsty. It had a roof and floor, and was large enough to lie down in. The roof was what he needed, for Cordova is the wettest place above sea-level. They do not record the rainfall here; it is too monotonous. They measure the minutes of sunshine.

This railroad is but one of five, all starting from the same vicinity, all headed for the same point, viz., the undeveloped copper mines of the interior, where the poor men have been holding to their claims with grim tenacity. The situation is unique, for there is room for only one system and the others must lie down.

As this goes to press news reaches me that the Morgan interests have absorbed their most dangerous rival, and are preparing to beat the others in.

Every mile of track laid in Alaska opens up new realms to the prospector, for transportation is his crying need. In those days when I fared into the country we crept up the waterways, while mystery lay beyond each purple range. It was the land of over-yonder. From our cabins we saw, in four directions, hills that hid valleys we dreamed were laid with gold, but which we could not reach, for the woods were heavy, the tundra deep, and a man's back grows sore from burdens. Each winter we snow-shoed farther, returning with the spring thaws. Each summer we weighted our dogs with tiny packs of flour and beans, and slid our shoulders into harness. Most of us who felt the lure of those hills knew also the grip of hunger at our bellies and the taste of dog-flesh, because we bore always the shackles of our shoulder-packs, and were hampered by the miles. But now with trails and rails the country is unfolding itself, and it is a better poor man's land than it was.

The commercial history of Alaska shows that the big mercantile companies have failed at every turn, while the little enterprises have made good and grown. The trust idea does not work north of fifty-three degrees.

Six years ago the commerce of the country was in the hands of a few great corporations, after the order of the Hudson's Bay Company, with steamship lines, river fleets, long chains of trading-posts and sundry mines of coal and mineral. They employed armies of factors, built great

(Concluded on Page 33)

# THE UNKNOWN DOOR

Then I Pushed the Button in Earnest, for Half-Measures were Dangerous

## The Occasional Offender, the Girl and the Private Prison Just Off Broadway

## By ARTHUR STRINGER

I

I FELT safe enough there in the noise and crowd of Broadway. For it was high noon, when the cave-dwellers who labor above the cañon descended for an hour to eat and then swarmed back to work. I kept dipping into that tide of honest toilers, deeper and deeper, like a chased dabchick, letting it carry me along, and breathing freer every minute. My suit-case, weighed down with the outfit, was rather heavy, it is true. But I swung it freely, as though it held nothing more than a hair-brush and a change of linen.

Then I came to a standstill, and backed water quickly. For lounging aimlessly against the street-corner news-stand was Doogan's plain-clothes man, MacKisknie. His hands were in his pockets and a cheroot drooped from one corner of his mouth. His eyes were half shut and sleepy-looking. But those half-shut eyes were watching every face that passed up and down the east side of Broadway. Every atom of that human tide which ebbed and flowed about him had to pass muster in the alert brain behind those sleepy-looking eyes. I swung round sharply and shouldered my way out, straight east into one of the side streets. It left me unscreened and in the open, but it was the only thing to do. Once east to Park Avenue and north to Forty-second Street, and I could catch any outgoing train from the Grand Central.

A patter of rain came down from the blackening sky and freckled the dusty asphalt. I wanted to rest the arm that carried the suit-case. It began to ache by this time with the weight of the outfit. So I put it down on a house-step beside me, on the pretext of turning up my trousers. I was still stooping when my glance traveled eastward and fell on a slowly-approaching figure.

I continued to stoop, for it was a Seventeenth Precinct patrolman. And since the Penfield case I had no love for patrolmen of that particular precinct, nor they for me. There was no time for the weighing of alternatives and quibbling about methods. I had to act, and act quickly. So I simply caught up my suit-case and went briskly up the steps that stood before me.

They were brownstone steps, wide and deep and ponderous, and they led to what seemed an equally ponderous brownstone house. An electric bell glimmered from beside the high, gloomy-looking doors.

I made a pretense of pushing the button, with my heart in my mouth. My first hope was that the house would be empty. It looked deserted enough from the street. I tried to think of a name to ask for. But nothing reasonable came to my mind. Then I pushed the button in earnest, for the passing steps were now directly beneath me, and half-measures were dangerous.

The door opened instantly, as though the figure had been waiting there for some call other than mine. It flashed through my mind that I might have pushed the button that first time, after all.

I noticed, as the door swung back slowly and ponderously like the great gate of a canal-lock, that it was apparently of solid mahogany. I next noticed that the figure just inside the open door was arrayed in the green livery cloth of a footman, with four metal buttons on each side of the long-tailed service coat. I would have bolted on the instant, but it was too late for the man in front of me, and too early for the man behind.

I looked at the footman a little closer as the door opened its widest. He seemed gazing out at me with dead eyes, cold, impassive, unconcerned, yet with something watching and alert about them. The man's face was coarse in feature, the skin flaccid and colorless, the mouth hard and cruel.

"Does Mr. Gahan live here?" I demanded.

"He does, sir," came the answer, quick as an echo.

"Mr. Edward Elton Gahan?"

"Yes, sir!"

I peered in at the man. *Edward Elton Gahan was my own name!*

II

"IS MR. GAHAN at home?" I asked more casually, steadying myself.

"I think so, sir."—Something about the man made me afraid of him.

"Er—shall I call again?" I suggested.

"He's expecting you, sir," was the reply, obsequiously yet half-mockingly made. The man in livery stepped back, making way for me. I didn't dare look around to satisfy myself that the steps on the sidewalk below had

passed on. It was too late to hesitate. I had to see the thing through.

It was raining gently but steadily down in the street. I stepped into the darkened hallway with my suit-case still in my hand. The locklike door swung slowly to and closed behind me, with a metallic click of its latch.

"This way, sir," said the dead-eyed footman, leading up the wide stairway of polished hardwood.

I went after him reluctantly, cautiously, feeling that I was being sucked deeper and deeper into some black whirlpool against my own will. At the head of the stairs the footman in green turned to the right toward what was the front of the house. Each door we passed was closed. But what I could see of the halls gave me the impression of a solidly-furnished Knickerbocker house of fifty years ago.

I had no time for further thought. The footman was already knocking at the door confronting us. A feeble and querulous voice said "Come in," and a moment later I had passed under the lintel into another room.

Before me, in a high-backed invalid's chair, sat a man of about forty. He wore a huge quilted dressing-gown, and the lower part of his body was covered by what seemed a woolen shawl. His hands were long and thin and tremulous, and I could detect the blue veining on the back of them. His shoulders, once massive and wide, now seemed drawn in and stooped. I caught a glimpse of the bony protuberance of his Adam's-apple in the lean and hawklike neck. The lines of the thin face seemed almost quadrangular, with the short, square jaw and the high, white forehead. The hair was scant and grayish. But what most impressed me was the colorlessness of the face, as I swept that man who bore my own name with one quick and searching glance.

"This is the gentleman to see you, sir," said the footman. I seemed to catch a touch of mockery in his deferential tone, just as I had been vaguely disconcerted at first by the pregnant yet placid indifference of his eyes. It seemed the unconcern of a man who knew something and yet chose to remain silent. There was almost pity in his servile condescension, something muffled and fateful. And it put me more and more on my guard.

The man in the invalid's chair peered up at me, a little startled, I think. He studied me for a minute of unbroken silence. There suddenly seemed something sepulchral and tomblike in the quietness of that gloomy house to me.

I looked for some change of face, some shock of surprise, in the big-framed invalid. But he gave no sign. His deepset, ratlike, little eyes bored into me without the alteration of one line in the pallid mask of a face in which they were set. They made me uncomfortable. I began to wonder how I could lie out of my dilemma. Then I wondered what strange happenings could make it needful that I should be lured quietly in through that gloomy door. A sense of something impending seemed to float about me.

For the first time I let my eyes wander from the great figure in the high-backed chair, and discovered that we were not alone in the room. In the half-shadow between the two high windows that faced the north stood yet another figure. It was that of a man about my own age, thick-set, stockily built, with a dark face, deep-lined and predaceous. He stood with his arms folded, backed against the wall. And his attitude seemed one of waiting. But he, too, was silent.

All this was revealed to me in one quick glance, as I let my gaze coast the great high-ceilinged room. Then I looked back at the figure in the invalid's chair.

"What was the name, Dickson?" he asked complainingly, half turning to the immovable footman in green. His voice was querulous, almost a whine. Yet it carried a hidden menace, a reproof, as much as to say: "You fool, you'll smart for this!"

"My name is Gahan," I cut in.

I waited for some start of surprise. But there was none. The name left him unmoved. I turned quickly to the servant, my suspicions verified. He stood there motionless, inert, unbetraying.

The invalid made an impatient movement of the hand. It was directed toward the man who stood waiting between the two windows. He crossed the room, in answer to the sign, and opened a door in the south wall. As the door opened and he stepped through, the busy pound and clatter of a telegraph relay broke on my ears. I tried to catch some inkling of its message, some hint of the Morse. But the period between the opening and the closing of the door had been too brief.

### III

THE sound seemed to electrify the invalid into sudden and unlooked-for strength. He turned on me impatiently.

"What's your business?" he demanded. A moment before I was ready to explain my presence as solely due to a mistaken house number. Something in the sound of that clattering relay, however, had already challenged my curiosity.

"You knew that when you sent for me!" I evaded with the utmost solemnity.

The invalid flashed a sudden look of warning at me. It was his first unguarded moment. If I was still in the dark, so was he. But toward what was I stumbling and groping? What was taking place behind those closed and mysterious doors?

"Umph—of course!" temporized the other nervously. I could see the wheels of thought hard at work behind that immobile mask.

"Dickson," he cried out suddenly, "be so good as to take the gentleman's bag!"

I fell back a step or two, guardedly.

"It's no trouble," I protested equably, though I could feel my body moisten and prickle with a nervous perspiration. Again the ratlike eyes studied my face. I felt that he was deliberating over me as a terrier deliberates over a cornered victim before its *coup de grâce*.

I Could Feel the Girl Clutch at Me Before the Sudden Apparition of the Man in Green Livery

The silence was broken by the door of the back room being flung open. It was blocked by the square-set man. He appeared nervous and excited.

"We've got it, sir," he called out triumphantly. "We've got it—it's going through at last!"

If wishes were daggers that man in the door would never have made another such announcement on earth, I take it, from the flash of the invalid's little eyes. But I paid no attention to this, for through the open door there still again crept into my ears the businesslike clatter of the sounder. Involuntarily I stood there, coercing attention. My attitude must have betrayed me, for the man in the invalid's chair suddenly sprang to his feet. I saw for the first time that his leg was bandaged. I also saw that there was six feet and more of him and that he was far less fragile than he had appeared.

"Dickson," he cried sharply—and there was no tremulousness in his voice this time—"let this man out, at once!"

Our eyes met, and he knew I understood. He had read the look of latent combativeness on my face at that peremptory dismissal. I laughed, I don't know why, but I laughed aloud. Perhaps, it was at the audacity of his challenge; perhaps, it was relief at finding something against which to focus my suspicion.

"Wait," cried the invalid, in rapid afterthought. "This is the man to test the meters, Dickson. Show him down to the basement by way of the front door. Then let him in by way of the area, *if he wishes!*"

The placid-eyed cutthroat in green livery again held the door for me, and again I laughed. But, as I stepped out of that strange room, I could see the invalid stalk to the inner back door, and dart through to the chamber in the rear, from whence came the clicking of the telegraph relay. A moment later I was in the hallway, following the imperturbable Dickson down the polished steps.

### IV

AS I FOLLOWED the man in green livery through the quiet house I decided on my plan of action. Something about the line of his right hip had keenly interested me, and I knew that anything I did must be done both guardedly and thoroughly.

Between the inner and outer doors of the main entrance was the vestibule. It was probably six feet by ten in size, walled in right and left, and barred back and front by the ponderous hardwood doors.

I dropped my bag at the precise moment that the man in livery stooped to unlock the outer door. Before that bag struck the floor my right knee was in the small of his back, and I had given him the "Calgary Crook." He crumpled down under it, with a little groan of pain, twisting half-way around. I fell on him as he collapsed, with both knees on his chest. His breath went from his lungs, at the impact, with a ludicrous grunt.

Then, first of all, I carefully removed the revolver which had broken the regular line of his right hip. Then I unhooked his ring of house keys. Then, before the breath could come back to his lungs, I locked the outer door and withdrew the key. Catching up my bag I closed and locked the second door, and left him there a prisoner. Then I waited a moment or two to recover my own breath and decide what the next move should be. I felt more at home with a revolver once more in my side pocket. I would feel still more at home, I knew, once a second door had been found in case of emergency.

Straight before me, at the south end of the dark hall, another door stood.

I tried it, and found it locked. The fourth key fitted.

When I entered I entered guardedly with my hand in my right coat-pocket. My first impression was that the room was empty. My second was that the windows were barred and grated like the windows of a mediæval dungeon. Then I discovered that I was not alone in the room.

Standing at one of the windows with her back to me was a woman. She wore a hat, a black-plumed hat, and a loose-fitting cravenette street-coat. Even from where I stood I could see two things—that she was a young woman, and that she had a great deal of dark brown hair. She did not turn as I quickly locked the door and advanced into the room. There seemed something defiant in the line of her shoulders.

"Madam!" I said sharply, for time was very precious.

She did not move, and I repeated the call, hurrying toward her.

She wheeled about slowly, disdainfully, and swept me with one single glance of scorn and loathing. For the first time I took my right hand out of my pocket—*that*, at least, was needless.

"Who are you?" I cried, nettled by her look.

I saw for the first time that she was really shaking and quivering, whether with fear or indignation, or both, I could not tell. I also saw that she was different from most other women I had ever spoken to. She was in some way even different from those groups of girls I had so often seen in front of the Twenty-third Street and the Fifth Avenue shops and about the Broadway theatres and candy-stores—those fast-talking, loud-laughing, well-groomed girls, blond and fresh in color, weighed down with furs and crowned with enormous hats. She seemed to have their vitality, their poise, their smoothness of skin. But she had something else; some colder and older and more resolute bearing, something that made her face a woman's, even while her figure was still a girl's.

"Who are you?" I repeated.

"You will realize who I am, and I think you will realize it bitterly, once I am out of this house and you are called to account for such an outrage—such an insult—such a crime!"

She spoke slowly and her voice shook with passion.

"What have I done?"

"Done! You have done what a Sicilian brigand wouldn't dare do. *You have kept me prisoner in this house and this room for three hours!*"

### V

"HOLDING you a prisoner!" I echoed foolishly. I fell back amazed, bewildered by the complications of the currents that eddied and tangled about me. My face wore such a look of wonder that the girl took a step or two toward me and suddenly cried out, with a new ring of life and hope in her voice: "Who are *you?*"

"Listen!" I cried. "I haven't been in this house half an hour. I have never been in it before to-day. I stand

as much a prisoner here as you do. I'm in danger, too, if this house is one of danger!"

"It is!" she broke in.

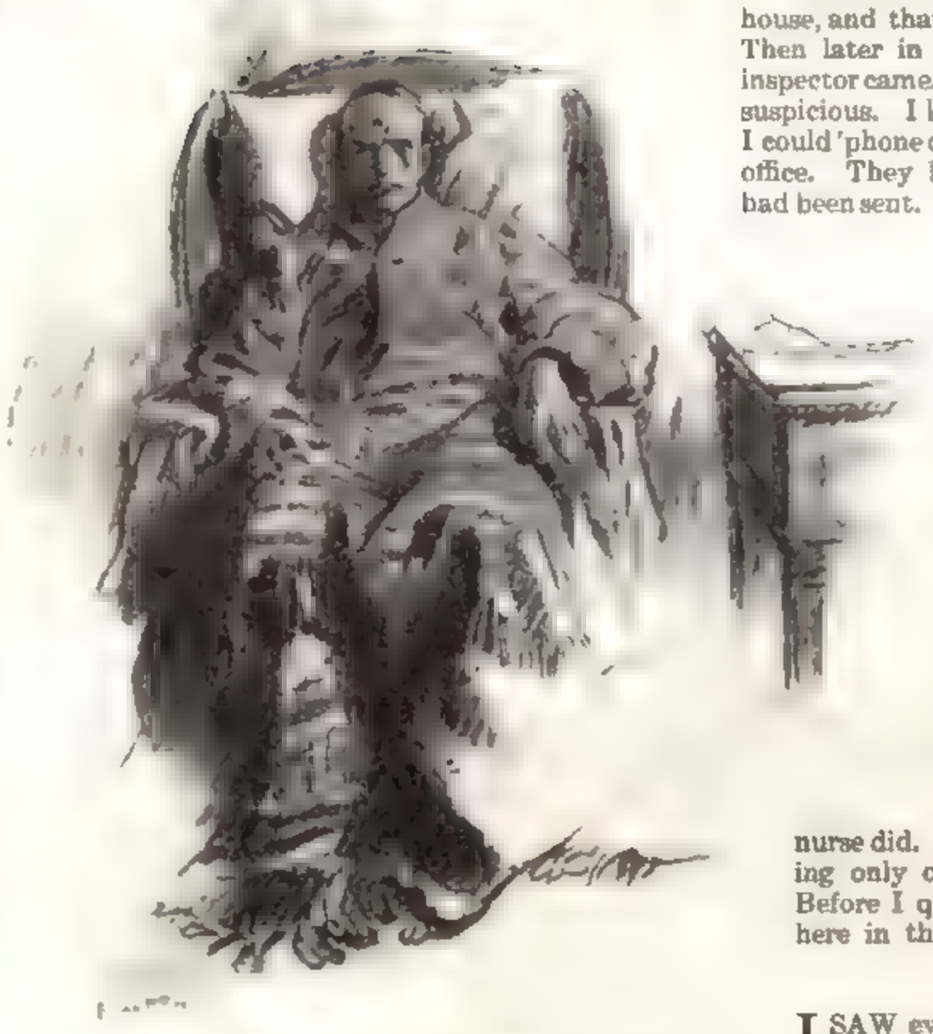
"But how?—how? I can't understand it; I can't make out what it all means. For the love of Heaven, if you know, tell me, and tell me quickly!"

Suddenly and without warning her shoulders began to heave and shake. I don't know what it was, but for one precious minute she turned away and cried into her handkerchief silently. I watched her for a moment, then I ran to the door and listened. Any sound might bring some new turn to that mysterious drama.

"We're losing time," I said bruskly. The sight of her tears made me a little uncomfortable.

She looked up at me closely, atoningly, with a sudden gasp of relief.

"Are you a detective?" she asked. I might have lied, but I was afraid of the honest candor of her eyes.



His Deep-Set, Ratlike Little Eyes Bored into Me

"I am not, I am sorry to say," was my calm reply.

"Then what are you?" she demanded, with a return of suspicion.

"That's neither here nor there," I evaded. "But this point is clear: I've no friend inside this house. But if you're in trouble here and want help, I'm here to help you!"

She still studied my face, piqued, I think, by the impersonality of my feelings. I began to see that she was a young woman who in her own more rose-grown walk of life instinctively and openly engaged the affections of those about her, relying on the soft appeal of sex, as a rule, for the accomplishment of her ends. But, oddly enough, I grew hot under her gaze, though my very embarrassment seemed to reassure her.

"I shall see that you are paid, well paid," she protested. Her reference to pay enraged me. Again she reminded me of the petted house-dog confronted in the open.

"That's rubbish! I've already told you I'm no detective. And we're wasting time, good time. Every second counts. Now explain, quick, as well as you can!"

"I can't explain," she retorted hurriedly, "any more than you can."

"But you *must*, at once, if we're to get out of here!"

"All that I can tell you is, my father has been busy and worried and sick—the last few days I've been helping him."

"Pardon me, but who is your father?"

She surveyed me with the indignation of a celebrity held up for passports. She hadn't been in the habit, plainly, of enlarging on who and what she was.

"Father's name is Shaler. You may know him as the president of the Mexican East Coast, and a director of the Michiocan and Campeche, and the Gulf and Yucatan Railway. It was he who engineered the Mexican half of the Pan-American system. That's what has worried him so this last few weeks. It's such an important amalgamation plan and stock merger that a woman reporter offered our home operator two thousand dollars for news about it. You see, everything has to be done secretly, or Wall Street speculators would take advantage of any leak, and exploit the movement, and hurt my father's prestige. So we had a private wire run into the study at home, and a woman operator has been coming every afternoon and staying until seven."

"Where is your home?"

"Seven doors east of this house."

"Go on."

"All I know is that the merger was to be effected to-day, but they're having trouble in Washington, and Senator Hewlitt, who acts for father, has been keeping the wire busy all afternoon. As soon as father and his secretary get up from downtown he keeps sending messages out and getting replies. He told me last night that to-day would probably be his Waterloo. That's what makes me know this all means some evil to him."

"What started it?"

"First there was the newspaper woman trying to bribe our operator. Then a trained nurse came to the house this morning. There seemed nothing wrong about that, for it turned out she had merely made a mistake in the house number. But for some reason I watched her. She hurried on to this house, and that made me suspicious. Then later in the day a telephone inspector came. That made me more suspicious. I kept him waiting until I could 'phone down to the company's office. They knew of no one who had been sent. So I ran upstairs, and there I found him prowling about the study. I was frightened then, and hurried back to the 'phone and called up the police station. Before I could drop the receiver he ran downstairs and was outside. I followed him, for I felt he might have stolen something. He came here, just as the nurse did. I rang the bell, thinking only of not losing him. Before I quite realized it I was here in this room, a prisoner!"

### VI

I SAW everything at a glance—the busy sounder upstairs, the tapped wire and the preliminary messages being read, the readily opened door and the movement to entrap a sufficiently suspicious stranger before he could interfere, the conspirators awaiting the final dispatch, the accomplices who would plunge the limit on the new Mexican merger, the thousands on thousands of dollars of illicit and unearned gains, the stubborn bravery of the uncomprehending girl, the audacity and the desperation of the whole carefully-evolved scheme!

"Quick, where's your father now?" I demanded, without time even to explain. She caught up her little hunting-case watch.

"He's lunching at the Waldorf with the Western directors. Then he was to hurry home and talk with Senator Hewlitt over the wire. He asked the operator to be there before two."

"And what time does the Stock Exchange close?"

"At three."

"Then until three o'clock not a message, not a word, must go out of this house."

Dickson had not yet been missed or a search would have been started. That implied the other men were still held close, watching the wire, above stairs. I ran to the back window. There was nothing in the shape of a wire either visible or accessible from the ground floor.

"Does this mean any harm to my father?" cried the girl.

"It means danger to us—until we get out of here!"

She came a little closer to me.

"But can you help him?" she pleaded.

"Tell me, first, does your private wire run in from the top of your house?"

She pondered a moment. "Yes, from the cornice; I remember that."

"Quick, then; we've got to get to the top of this house. I could leave you here, but it's safer——"

"I'd rather go with you," she said. We were no longer quite strangers.

I caught up my bag, ran to the door and unlocked it, talking all the while.

"Listen. If we're to help your father and save his money and his name, perhaps, you must do what I say, word for word. The wire that goes into your house passes from the Broadway cable-galleries somewhere along the roof of this house. That wire has been tapped. Every message, every secret, going in and out of your father's study can be intercepted, listened to, and acted on."

We were on the stairs by this time, and I dropped my voice to a whisper.

"The only thing left for us to do is to cut every wire running into or over this house at once. That stops their work, shuts them off. But as soon as that's done they'll see the line is 'dead.' Then we'll have to scheme or fight our way out, the best we can. If not that, we must hold them off until the police come, or the Postal Union sends a lineman to trace up the trouble."

"If I only knew he was safe," she whispered pantingly at the top of the first stairway. Her eyes were on me searchingly, wonderingly. "Shhh!" I said, to hide the sudden feeling that swept through my veins at some new and foolish look of gratitude in her upturned face, white through the gloom of the shadowy hall.

Then I whispered "Wait," for through the quietness my ear had caught the muffled and hurried sound of voices shot through with the busy metallic clicking of the telegraph key. We stood outside the door that led into the improvised operating-room. I crept over to that door and pressed my ear flat against the panel, and leaned there listening. The girl stood beside me, intently watching my face. My suspicions had been correct.

### VII

AT THE end of a wire in a quiet study not two hundred yards away was being consummated a movement which might some day change the complexion of maps, which was destined to make new cities and build unheard-of seaports, a movement which was to make into one system three thousand miles of wandering steel rails twining and glimmering across arid wastes, curling through narrow cañons and old Spanish villages, along sun-steeped valleys patroled by swarthy and placid watchmen, little dreaming of the destinies being forged by one tiny brazen hammer, pounding on a piece of metal, so many miles away.

I could read the wire brokenly. But it was enough to tell me that the movement was under way. The first orders and instructions were going through. I swung around to the waiting girl and pointed to the floor above. "There are three floors. We must go to the top. Quick, and remember I am behind you with a loaded revolver in my right hand if anything happens. Quick, but no noise."

"Your father's at home safe," I whispered to her at the head of the second stairway. "I just heard him speak over the wire," I added in answer to her look of wonder.

"Then they're stealing our news?"

"Every word of it," I answered.

We were now on the top floor. Before us stretched a hallway, narrower than that of the lower stories. It opened into what was once a children's nursery or playroom, the walls brightly papered with fairy lore figures. In the rear were three small windows, heavily barred.

I turned a key in the door, locking it. Then I flung up the middle window. The half-inch iron bars stood about eight inches apart. Planting my feet firmly against the sash, I pulled on the second bar. It bent a little, and that was all. I tried the next bar. It, too, bent with my weight, but scarcely three inches. Then I saw that the left end of the bar fitted loose in its socket. Pivoting it round and round, I finally worked it loose, so that it slid in the side-pieces, slid until one end was at last released. With a quick twist, as with a lever, I bent the bar in, leaving an open passage.

Above my head, from the old-fashioned cornice, ran four wires. I could see from the fresh wood through the

(Continued on Page 20)

She Wheeled About Slowly, Disdainfully, and Swept Me With One Single Glance of Scorn and Loathing

# THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

## How a Master Strategist in Wall Street Gobbled Railroads and Men

## By WILL PAYNE

MR. HARRIMAN is greedy of authority. He doesn't like his co-workers to have any more power than is absolutely necessary.

In running the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific he personally handles a tremendous mass of detail, because he wishes to keep his own eager fingers on everything.

When C. P. Huntington died, C. M. Hays—a graduate of the Wabash and a first-class railroad man—was made president of Southern Pacific. But he didn't last very long after Mr. Harriman came into control. A friend explained that Hays couldn't see the use of Southern Pacific paying $25,000 a year for an office-boy. He couldn't exercise any real authority. They say he wasn't permitted to buy a ton of rails or order an engine without Mr. Harriman's O. K. Horace G. Burt was made president of Union Pacific after the reorganization; but his wires also presently crossed the chairman's, and he got out. Harriman will listen to suggestions readily from any of his subordinates, but his own autocratic will decides the case.

Naturally he makes mistakes now and again, for not even his adherents claim that he is a genius at operating a railroad. True, under his management Union Pacific earnings have increased immensely. To say it in a word, with substantially the same mileage as in 1898, gross earnings have risen $34,649,774, or 106.18 per cent., and net earnings $17,266,291, or 132.29 per cent. But there is nothing extraordinary about that. Every other big Western road shows substantially the same thing. The great increase in earnings is due to the prosperity of the country, and not in the least to Mr. Harriman. This increase in net earnings—which is equal to five per cent. on a capitalization of three hundred and forty-five million dollars—is simply what the country's prosperity has done for the gentlemen who had the good luck to get Union Pacific on a bad times basis.

Harriman's genius as a railroad man appears exclusively in his financiering. His friends say so. It is a rather dry subject, but all manifestations of genius are worth studying. He came into Union Pacific saturated with Wall Street, a veteran and adept of the Stock Exchange. Ability to borrow money is the foundation of success there; and his constant policy has been to keep in hand as much available collateral as possible.

Controlling three principal corporations—Union Pacific; Oregon Short Line, the stock of which is owned by U. P., and Oregon Railroad and Navigation, the stock of which is owned by Oregon Short Line—he has shown great skill in using their credit and in shifting securities from one to the other so as to keep himself always footloose and with a lot of available collateral against any possible pinch. This is hugely admired in the Street. For the rest his success is due to nerve and good fortune.

### Harriman's Genius as a Financier

IN THE forepart of 1901 he needed a hundred and twenty millions cash. He had bought 750,000 shares of Southern Pacific and about eighty-two million dollars' worth of Northern Pacific. To raise the money Union Pacific issued a hundred millions of four per cent. bonds, convertible at par into the common stock of the road at the option of the holder. To secure these bonds the Southern Pacific and Oregon Short Line stock was deposited as collateral. Title to the Northern Pacific stock was vested in Oregon Short Line, which on its own credit borrowed twenty millions odd in the Street. Thus all the money was raised and the eighty-two million dollars' worth of Northern Pacific stock was left free and unpledged.

Presently the Northern Securities Company was formed, and took in all the stock of Northern Pacific and Great Northern. Thus, Oregon Short Line received $82,491,871 of Northern Securities stock (besides $8,900,000 cash in the adjustment). Then Oregon Short Line issued $82,491,871 of bonds, secured by pledge of Northern Securities stock.

It should be observed here that Mr. Harriman is an adept at the science of issuing collateral trust bonds. His mortgages give much freedom in the matter of withdrawing and substituting collateral. The hundred million U. P. bonds issued in 1901 were originally secured on 750,000 shares of Southern Pacific, with other collateral. Those bonds were convertible into stock. Holders of about thirteen millions presently exercised the privilege of conversion. So the thirteen millions of bonds were canceled. This entitled the company to withdraw a proportionate amount of collateral. It withdrew 250,000 shares of Southern Pacific. But it also withdrew the other 500,000 shares of Southern Pacific and substituted securities of the Oregon auxiliaries of U. P. "as authorized by the mortgage." So, while the Northern Securities stock was then pledged under the Oregon Short Line mortgage, all the Southern Pacific stock was free and unpledged.

Mr. E. H. Harriman

The United States Supreme Court ordered the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company. Therefore Oregon Short Line paid off its $82,491,871 of bonds secured on the stock of that company and issued a hundred million four per cent. refunding bonds. Mr. Harriman transferred ownership of the Southern Pacific stock from Union Pacific to Oregon Short Line—without saying anything about it to stockholders except that, in one year's report, it appears under the head of Union Pacific assets and the next under that of Oregon Short Line—and this stock was deposited as collateral to the new refunding bonds.

It will be noticed that more bonds were issued than were necessary to raise the hundred and twenty millions, roughly, required to pay for the stocks purchased. That is due in good part to Mr. Harriman's passion for available collateral. Union Pacific now holds in its treasury, as a "free asset," fifty-five millions of the refunding bonds of its constituent concern, Oregon Short Line.

### Not Told in the Report

MR. HARRIMAN sold a hundred thousand shares of Northern Securities stock, and the remaining 724,910 shares were exchanged, under the Court's decree, for their proportion of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock. As a Great Northern stockholder Oregon Short Line availed itself of its privilege to subscribe at par to 37,444 shares of a new issue. Within the year it sold 148,300 shares of Northern Pacific and 99,600 shares of Great Northern. At the date of the last report (June 30, 1906) it still owned 133,528 shares of Northern Pacific and 154,364 shares of Great Northern.

And here we come again to Mr. Harriman's leading characteristic. One year, with the money and the credit of Union Pacific, he buys 750,000 shares of Southern Pacific. His official report to his stockholders, whose employee he is supposed to be, says the directors "deemed it advisable" to make the purchase, but not a syllable as to the price paid for the stock. The additional Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific shares were bought in the fluctuating open market. The fact of the purchase is stated, but not a word about the price paid. Again, he sold, presumably in the open market, much Northern Securities, Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock—in all about 350,000 shares. In his report to his stockholders he doesn't state the price received.

In the case of the first sale he merely states certain expenditures, aggregating twenty-nine million dollars, and says "the funds for these purchases were principally obtained from the repayment of loans and the sale of 71,500 shares of the capital stock of the Northern Securities Company." From which the interested stockholders can make a rough deduction that the Northern Securities stock must have brought somewhere from ten to twelve million dollars.

As to the later and larger sales, he states the number of shares disposed of, says the proceeds were credited against cost of stocks and bonds, which cost decreased during the year $62,493,520—"mainly the result of the above-mentioned sales." Perhaps a stockholder would like to know exactly.

However, from the market value of the stocks about the time they were bought and about the time they were sold, from the securities issued and money borrowed to pay for them as shown in the balance sheets, and from the results of the sales traceable in the annual reports, one can make up a statement of profit and loss which is without doubt approximately correct. Perhaps Mr. Harriman is right in thinking that stockholders ought to be quite content with this, even if it is a few millions out of the way.

The Northern Pacific and Great Northern stocks, including the 37,444 shares of the latter taken on subscription, cost about eighty-six millions. The stocks already sold have produced (together with the cash received in the first Northern Securities adjustment) something over eighty millions. Indeed, in view of dividends received over and above interest paid on bonds the last two years, it is very likely that Union Pacific has already got back all the money it put into the Northern venture. And it still has Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Northern Securities stocks that are worth eighty million dollars in the market. Which is all velvet.

### Velvet, Velvet Everywhere

THE 900,000 shares of Southern Pacific common, owned by Union Pacific, cost about forty-five million dollars. At this writing they are worth about eighty-five million dollars. More velvet. Union Pacific subscribed at par to eighteen millions of Southern Pacific preferred. Including that, the situation may be stated another way:

| | |
|---|---|
| Union Pacific receives in dividends on its holdings of Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Northern Securities and Southern Pacific stocks an annual income of . . . . | $7,811,000 |
| Its present net investment in the above is about sixty-five millions, on which it pays 4 per cent. bond interest, or . . . . . | 2,600,000 |
| Giving a clear annual profit of . . . . . | $5,211,000 |

This is equal to nearly three per cent. on Union Pacific outstanding common stock. But it doesn't tell the whole story. As a stockholder in Great Northern (supposing it has not sold the stock since the last statement), Union Pacific will get its share of James J. Hill's famous melon—that is, it will receive gratis 154,364 shares, or certificates of interest, in the lease of Great Northern ore lands to the Steel Trust. Just what these certificates will produce in the way of income cannot be exactly stated; but they sell around ninety dollars a share, which would suggest about four per cent. And on June 30, 1906, as a result of Northern stock sales Union Pacific was bursting with cash. It has fifty-six million dollars in the banks and in demand loans. Since then it has bought 400,000 shares of Baltimore and Ohio stock, which paid three per cent. for the half-year last September. That means more net income, which is velvet.

Let nobody gainsay it. Harriman's operations have brought an enormous accretion of value to Union Pacific stockholders. But Mr. Harriman did nothing to speak of in the way of creating that value. His biggest killing was in the two northern roads, and if anybody created their enhanced value it was his old rival, James J. Hill. But no man created it. It was made by prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles telling the story of E. H. Harriman as a financier and railroad man.

Having succeeded so splendidly in their behalf, Mr. Harriman expects his stockholders to sit still and ask no questions. This attitude is shown by the brief and indefinite statements to them concerning his immense purchases and sales of stock. A year ago last spring the Street was puzzled by a call for a special meeting of Union Pacific stockholders to authorize an additional issue of a hundred million preferred stock. Nobody knew what it was for. Mr. Harriman was at no pains to enlighten people. The stockholders dutifully met and authorized the issue, to be made whenever and however the directors saw fit. The next annual report simply mentions the authorization and says no occasion has yet arisen to issue any of the stock. Mr. Harriman can issue it any time he chooses to touch the button.

This recalls a story that, some years ago, a very gallant Western coterie, including part of the Rock Island crowd, bought so much Union Pacific that they thought they were entitled to a place on the board of directors, and went to Mr. Harriman to arrange it. He asked how much stock they had; was told; refused their demand for a place on the board, and added, "If you try to break in I'll issue another hundred million of stock and dump it on the market. I guess that will hold you for a while." I can't vouch for the story, but it sounds characteristic.

Except in Wall Street, what a railroad does for the public is considered quite as important as what it does for its stockholders. On this side there is nothing in particular to say for the Harriman management of the Union Pacific. The management itself, in fact, doesn't say anything. I do not recall any other big road which omits to state, in its annual reports, the average rate that it receives per ton of freight per mile of haul and the average rate per passenger per mile. These are basic figures which show at a glance what the road is charging for its services as compared with other roads and other years. In only one year since Mr. Harriman took charge does the Union Pacific report show the average rate per mile. That was in 1899, when Harriman was new to the position. As to other years, if you wish to know this average rate you must toilfully figure it out for yourself.

So figuring, you find that since 1899 Union Pacific's average charge per ton per mile has fallen one mill, or ten per cent. In the same time the average freight rate on the Illinois Central, for instance, has fallen nearly twenty per cent. Meanwhile, Union Pacific's average passenger rate has increased slightly. Its present average freight rate per ton per mile—9.14 mills—is, of course, high as compared with the whole country, but about the same as that on other trans-Missouri lines. Atchison is slightly higher; Great Northern considerably lower.

The Union Pacific reports, while silent on the rate subject, makes much of economies in operation. Mr. Harriman has increased the average trainload from 280 to 510 tons. Increasing the trainload is Mr. Hill's favorite device for reducing expenses, and it is splendidly successful—for that purpose. But it usually means that the freight does not move until enough of it has accumulated to make up a big trainload; hence it is often delayed. So the device is by no means so popular with shippers as it is with stockholders. There is no evidence in the reports that Mr. Harriman looks upon a railroad as anything else than a machine to make profits for those in control of it.

He commands another highly efficient machine to the same end—the stock market. His pool to buy and hold fifty millions of Union Pacific preferred has been mentioned. Ever since the reorganization Union Pacific has been one of the great speculative "leaders." Something has been doing in it all the time, and if Harriman has not been behind the doings most of the time the whole Street is entirely mistaken. Bred on the Exchange, he is an adept in all its ways and strategies. Not long ago an admiring Wall Street review said, "Speculative operations traceable to Mr. Harriman are characterized by excellent stock-market judgment. Every manipulative campaign of the last three years in which he is supposed to have taken part has been conducted with marvelous skill. News affecting quotations for the Harriman stocks is always handled in the most efficient manner."

The trade in Union Pacific on the Stock Exchange has been enormous. In ten months of the current year transactions exceeded thirty million shares, or over fifteen times the entire amount outstanding. The opportunities for profit to a man in Harriman's position and with his equipment are obvious. Along in May last Union Pacific was selling under 140, and Southern Pacific around 60. The latter had sustained extensive losses by the San Francisco earthquake. But, presently, both stocks began to advance, with very extensive buying. In June and July transactions in Union Pacific amounted to 3,700,000 shares, the price going up to 153; in Southern Pacific to 1,800,000 shares, with the price up to 74. The Street had a theory that Union Pacific would increase its dividend rate—then six per cent.—in August, and that there might be a dividend on Southern Pacific, which had paid none to that time. The stocks were notably active and strong the forepart of August, and the more sanguine predicted that Union Pacific's dividend would be raised to eight per cent.

The Street was Puzzled by a Call

He Asked How Much Stock They Had

He Received a Group of Reporters with Notable Affability

The directors met Thursday, the fourteenth. The market was buoyant early, but turned heavy toward the close because the expected announcement concerning Union Pacific dividend was not forthcoming. The directors adjourned, but eager inquiries as to what they had done about the dividend brought no information on the subject. Of course, the Street was on the anxious seat. After the Stock Exchange opened next day official announcement was sent down that Union Pacific dividend had been raised to ten per cent., and Southern Pacific had declared a dividend of five per cent.—both exceeding the fondest expectations. Union Pacific stock shot up seventeen dollars a share, while 617,000 shares were sold, and Southern Pacific seven dollars, with sales of 487,000 shares.

Men in the Street guessed that the Harriman pool in the stocks had reaped a profit of anywhere from ten to twenty million dollars. Union Pacific advanced altogether, in the month of August, thirty-nine dollars a share, with transactions amounting to 4,881,600 shares; Southern Pacific nineteen dollars a share, with sales of 3,108,100 shares. From May, Union Pacific went up fifty-three dollars a share, with 8,646,200 shares handled; Southern Pacific thirty-two dollars a share, with 4,957,200 shares sold.

It is very obvious that the opportunities for profit through buying the stock early and selling out after the dividend was announced was far more dazzling than any opportunity for profit that could arise through the mere operation of a railroad. In view of it average rates per ton per mile looked humdrum and insignificant. It was a fine stock-market stroke. The Street insists upon regarding that withholding of the surprising dividend announcement until it could be suddenly exploded upon the nervous market as evidence of a splendid dramatic instinct on Mr. Harriman's part—although he himself makes the commonplace explanation that he kept it secret because he didn't wish the London market to get it in advance of New York.

It was this stock-market activity which made some English critics so dubious about Harriman's triumph over Stuyvesant Fish in Illinois Central. They are prejudiced, in England, against speculative railroad management. In the fine old days of Drew and Jay Gould, when railroads were used as loaded dice to gamble with, they had their fingers burned several times. They think a railroad president ought not to be running deals in the stock of the company, any more than any other trustee ought to trade for his own profit in the property intrusted to his care—a view which Mr. Harriman, perhaps, would consider amusingly old-fashioned.

On completing the nineteenth year of his presidency of the Illinois Central, Mr. Fish issued a report and review to the stockholders. It began thus: "The duties of a railroad corporation naturally divide themselves under three heads—(1) to the public; (2) to those in its employ; (3) to its stockholders." Maybe Mr. Harriman considered this arrangement an insult to the stockholders. The Fish report proceeds to show proportion of earnings paid in taxes, total wages, and wages per employee; average rate per passenger per mile and per ton of freight per mile (the latter, by the way, having fallen 49.4 per cent. in the nineteen years), and other things which are interesting to

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## The Blind Pool and the Wizard

BLIND pools were once in disfavor. It should, perhaps, be explained that a blind pool is a simple device under which a lot of people turn their money over to one man to do with as he sees fit. Pool managers fell into a reprehensible way of seeing fit to do things that were not at all profitable to the persons who furnished the money. Hence the device lost its popularity, and gentlemen who proposed enterprises of that nature were commonly looked upon with some degree of suspicion.

It has remained for Mr. Harriman to resurrect the ancient device, in a somewhat modernized form, and to make it dazzlingly successful. The Union Pacific Railroad is legally owned by its stockholders. They delegate their powers to a board of directors; the board delegates its powers to an executive committee, and the committee hands on the concentrated authority to its chairman.

An idle law requires the specific assent of the stockholders to any mortgage of the road's real property. But the executive committee authorizes Mr. Harriman to pledge whatever of its personal property he chooses and for such purposes as seem good to him.

Since the close of the fiscal year Mr. Harriman has invested over a hundred million of Union Pacific money in stocks of various roads—some of them separated by long gaps from any line of the Union Pacific. Stockholders learn of these huge investments by reading reports of the Interstate Commerce investigation. There seems to be no reason why Mr. Harriman shouldn't have put the money in mining stocks or model New York tenements if he had so elected. The stockholders are simply members of a great blind pool.

Having borrowed one spectator's silk hat, another's watch, and a handkerchief from a third, the conjurer waves his wand and produces an omelet. We hope Wizard Harriman's hand won't slip.

## Lives *versus* Dividends

BY KILLING fifty passengers in a collision within the District of Columbia, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad managed to attract the attention of Congress. Another slaughter on the same road a few hundred miles away passed without particular notice. Probably Congress will adopt a resolution. We know what the railroad will do. It will divide the number killed by the total number carried and show that, after all, only a small fraction of those that travel meet death on the rails. In this cheerful manner railroads have been disposing of their ghastly mortuary lists time out of mind.

We believe this question must presently be raised: Can railroad slaughter be abated save through Government ownership of the roads? Railroads are now managed exclusively for profit. Killing passengers does not materially lessen profits. So it continues. It costs something, of course. Damages resulting from the Baltimore and Ohio wreck would give a good start toward an automatic signal system reënforced by well-paid human agencies. But it isn't often that a road loses so heavily, and the managements are willing to gamble in lives. They take their chances that luck will favor them and keep the slaughter to a negligible minimum.

The Baltimore and Ohio is rich. Last year it earned, above all expenses and charges, eighteen million dollars, and the year before thirteen million. Last year it spent over nine million for construction, out of which we find $67,892 set down for block signals and interlocking plant. Not a prodigal amount surely!

Collisions will be prevented when enough money is spent for preventive agencies. It is doubtful whether the roads will spend the money so long as they are operated exclusively for profit. Thirteen years ago Congress began forcing them to adopt a few fundamental safety devices. But the rail slaughter does not diminish. It doesn't interfere with dividends. Adequate safeguards might diminish stockholders' returns.

## Prosperity and Diamonds

IT IS said that during the recent holidays fifteen million dollars was spent at a great New York jeweler's. That was probably but a small fraction of what was spent at similar toy-shops the country over. From the point of view of the luxury merchants that is good business: it shows that in this country there are a lot of people who have money to spend and who are only waiting their chance to part with it in handsome sums.

There are still living persons simple enough in their reasoning powers to believe that they are helping "the poor working-people" when they buy luxuries, because they provide work in making and selling such toys. It eases their consciences to think that a country that can afford to keep a lot of people producing useless articles of dress or ornamentation is prosperous. This poor sop to their morals makes little difference; they would buy the stuff anyway, as long as they had the money.

It is doubtless true that more money has changed hands all around us this holiday season than ever before among a like number of mortals, no matter how it may happen to be divided up. It is also true that men who earn largely and easily like to spend richly; the desire to "blow it in" is universal. But because a jeweler can dispose of more diamond tiaras or pearl dog-collars or gold dishes than ever before doesn't prove that there is any considerably larger margin left after the day's wages have paid the rent and the market bills. Our meat and drink and rent cost more than they did, just as the toys cost more.

The man who used to buy his sweetheart at Christmas a silver bangle worth two dollars and a half may spread himself to-day on a ring worth fifty dollars, and others in proportion.

But the real point is, what has he left after he has gratified his taste for luxury or pride? We opine that he usually has very little left over, often not so much as his more frugal father had out of a much smaller income.

## A Banking Lesson for Bankers

AN ANXIOUS Western correspondent writes to inquire whether it is against the law, in Wall Street, for banks to refuse to charge an illegal rate of interest. At first blush the answer would seem easy; but after mature reflection we are bound to sympathize with our correspondent's confused and agitated state of mind.

He finds that the lawful rate of interest in New York State is six per cent.; also he finds that, at many times, and over periods of considerable duration, in the last half-year, the rate actually charged for accommodations of the sort known as call loans has been very much above six per cent.—often ten, fifteen, twenty or even thirty per cent. And the public prints inform him that Wall Street bankers view these high rates with indignation and alarm. A number of them, in speeches and interviews, have declared that twenty per cent. for money is a sign of financial barbarism. They demand that the currency system be amended in such manner as to preclude excessive interest rates.

"Now," says our correspondent, "if it distresses the bankers so much to charge twenty per cent., why do they do it? Why don't they lend the money at six per cent., as the law prescribes? Is it because it would be unlawful for them to do so?"

Counsel learned in the law informs us that there is no statutory prohibition in the way of a bank's lending its money on call at as low a rate as it pleases. The money is always lent at some rate or other. If the banks feel that it shakes confidence to see call loans quoted at twenty per cent. nobody would get out an injunction to prevent them from fixing the rate at six or even five. We have never heard that borrowers insist upon paying a higher rate, if the bank is willing to accept a lower.

If the banks would agree to supply call funds at six per cent. a good deal of the edge might be taken from the campaign for elastic currency, and the Secretary of the Treasury might be saved some gray hairs; but neither the law nor the borrowing public would be greatly outraged thereby.

## The Rival Pyramid Builders

WE WONDER whether, for the true encouragement of philanthropy, the country doesn't need some system that will insure the duration of Fame's advertisements, so that a rich man's monument may be admired for at least as long a period as was required to erect it. The idea arises naturally from Mr. Frick's alleged intention to build an institute that will make Mr. Carnegie's institute look like thirty cents. This he may do; but his triumph must be tempered by a melancholy reflection that some successor will build even higher and wider, and, by the time that successor's successor has built, the Frick monument will decline, by comparison, to a mere wood-lot or soup-kitchen class of philanthropy.

Nobody now remembers the name of any pyramid except Cheops, the most expensive. Imagine the ghostly consternation when that monarch's surpassing project was noised among the shades! Nowadays, the dingy red of the old Astor Library seems to be an indurated blush for its own shabbiness as compared, for example, with Mr. Morgan's new marble temple of art a little farther north.

Our shrinking monument-makers are their own destroyers. Each surpassing testimonial of their love to mankind blankets and dwarfs a whole company of equally ambitious but less opulent philanthropists. John D.'s matchless pile is a kind of standing discount of all other philanthropy. Who knows how many have held their hands lest the oil king suddenly plump down a hundred million, thereby making their memorials appear as a plate of ham sandwiches at a banquet! This is a problem which advanced sociology should not fail to consider.

## When One is Too Many

MRS. PARSONS, in her recent book, showed learnedly that the races of this earth have had nothing like uniformity in their marriage customs, either in tying or loosing the bond. Most civilized peoples of to-day, however, have concluded that one man is enough for one woman to worry over and one woman enough for one man to support. They are by no means agreed as to what should be done when one proves to be too many.

Marriage is simple and practically uniform, but divorce is a knotty problem. Modern laws in their divergence show wide differences of opinion about the state of matrimony. As the world rolls on and takes thought about its perplexities, however, certain conclusions come to the front: first, marriage is not merely a religious sacrament to be managed by the church as formerly; it is also a social arrangement that affects more than the two persons primarily involved—it affects especially their children. Therefore, marriage, or, rather, divorce, no longer can be looked at in a purely sentimental way, as merely affecting the contracted parties; it must be regulated, like other matters, for the good of all—for the good of the children, at any rate.

Indeed, the children are the primary consideration. The parents have made a bargain. They have made it as persons arrived at years of discretion and, presumably, with a mature knowledge of each other and of the accumulated experience of preceding generations. If they, with these advantages, have erred, it should be they who, rather than their unoffending children, should pay the penalty of that error. It is not the convenience of the parents, but the welfare of the children, which should be first of all consulted.

Most reasonable persons believe that the laws governing divorce should be uniform and should represent, not the pure ideals of the best persons in the community, but those practical ideals which the community can enforce upon a majority of its members. Against the immorality of divorce they place the immorality of the undivorced, and admit the necessity of divorce for certain causes.

## Stork Talk and the Blues

WE WELCOME the latest learned lady who has assured the world that the American race is in danger of disappearing. We like to hear earnest doctrinaires discuss this subject of race suicide. It is a sign that we are, after all, pretty well off. If we can work up an interest in the fact that some families on Fifth Avenue have few children it must be because we haven't much that is important to engage our attention; it implies leisure to be filled up agreeably with academic speculations. When we take solemnly to lecturing the proletariat upon their patriotic duty to bear children it means that we have nothing of a weighty nature on our minds.

The notion that the birth-rate may be affected by a series of tracts is so naïve and diverting that it ought to banish pessimism out of hand. Are you downcast? Have you forgotten how to laugh? Pause and reflect that people are delivering lectures and writing books which are intended, in all gravity, to keep the stork busier.

If ever a race committed suicide it was more than high time for the act. The *felo de se*, in fact, must have been some centuries overdue. If luxury corrupt the rich and poverty degrade the poor to a degree that stifles the most elemental human instinct, the race ought to die. If we American people commit suicide it will be at least a hundred years after we have passed the point of contributing anything valuable to the progress of mankind. But we hope the discussion will continue. It drives away the blues.

# THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

WASHINGTON is the grand international headquarters of the Don't You Remember Club and of its coördinate organization, the I Knew Him When Association.

Every person who has lived at the Capital for more than five years and has had any part in official, political or social life becomes a member automatically. It can't be helped. There is no chance to escape; for, no matter how a person may strive to keep out, the habit of don't-you-remembering and I-knew-him-whenning is contracted, and, once contracted, there is no known cure. These organizations have no meeting-places, but wherever three or four are gathered together there is always a session.

The ritual is never varied. A man's name comes up. Then one of the leading members at the session that is in progress begins: "Why, that fellow! Huh! I knew him when he was hustling around here with holes in his trousers, trying to get a job. Don't you remember that time, fourteen years ago next February, when he was fired from his place because he didn't have influence enough to hold on? Of course, he is going some now. He has money they tell me, although I don't think he came by it honestly, and his position is pretty good. But it is all luck, all luck. Many a better man, like myself, is struggling along when such fellows as these are getting ahead. There's something wrong somewhere. Why, as I was saying, I knew him when he first came here and lived in a little house out Northeast, and now he's got a place on Massachusetts Avenue. Don't you remember ——"

### Contemporaries of Moses

THEY have these sessions everywhere in Washington. I heard one in a committee-room the other day that was a wonder. There were ten or twelve Senators there, and they were don't-you-remembering in a way that made me feel that everybody in public life started with a cloud on his character, and came up merely because of the tolerance of an easy-going and complaisant people, and not because he had any merit whatsoever. Some of these Senators remember so far back that you get the idea they were contemporary with Moses in the bullrushes, and if they remember anything to the credit of anybody they do it when they are alone and they cannot be betrayed into an unguarded expression of commendation.

That I-knew-him-when proposition is enough to make you go out in Statuary Hall and spend an hour looking at the statues. Anybody who has gone through this procedure knows that, when an ordinarily cheerful and happy man is forced to this dire extremity, his provocation has been great. You bet they knew him—when! They knew everybody—when. They don't give anybody credit who started as a laborer and became a Senator. No, indeed. They knew him—when he was a laborer or knew somebody who knew somebody who knew him—when he was a laborer, and that is as far forward as they get in their impartial and unprejudiced review of his ability.

The joyous holiday season was filled with meetings of these two organizations. Somehow, the coming of a new year brings to the Washington mind, both permanent and transient, a flood of recollections that are as gray as a fog on the Potomac flats. Any person who refers to anything that is happening now is "too young in the game to be imbued with the proper Washington spirit." It is distinctly bad form to begin any statement except with the words: "Twenty years ago I ——" If you have only lived in Washington for a few years you are made to feel your inferiority at every turn. You can't remember those great things that happened a decade or two decades ago. You are living in the present, which is a crime, you feel, next in heinousness to living at all. A palmy-day actor isn't a circumstance to a don't-you-remember statesman. They knew him when—— After a few months of it you begin seeing red and have a mad desire to get an axe and go out and carve the date "1907" on some of these mummies.

Even at that, they only remember backward about others. No statesman ever concedes he isn't toeing the mark nearest the extreme advance of progress. Usually he is a couple of toe-lengths ahead of everybody else, he says. Take a proposition to any one of these wise and owlish patriots and they listen in dignified silence. Then they drop a hundred-ton trip-hammer on you by saying: "Yes, I consider that an advantageous proposition. In fact, I originated it some fourteen months ago and have been quietly working on it all this time." And you stumble out and think it is all right when the messenger at the door smiles at you condescendingly. In fact, you wonder why they don't get a carpet-sweeper and sweep you up, you are so small and insignificant and no-account. You are chastened. You have only been in Washington a few years. When you begin to sprout moss instead of whiskers and can recall the date of the first movement toward secession and can quote the decision in the Dartmouth College case you may have a license to say something. But now you cannot be expected to know anything. You don't remember back far enough.

Wow! Wow! Wow! It's a wonder to me that there isn't a continuous parabolic curve made up of men who have been in Washington for short times, jumping from the dome of the Capitol and shouting: "Here goes another hole in a doughnut that made the mistake of thinking there was some value in Now, instead of realizing the supreme importance of Then."

Mark you, it is only with the newcomers that this attitude drives to padded cells. All one has to do is to live long enough in Washington to get consideration at the hands of the oracles. It is the same with a new Senator and a new Representative, just as it is with any other patriot who has been attached to the pay-roll and has ambitions to do something for himself and his country besides draw his salary check. With themselves, they pull whiskers and use clubs for advantage, and they have an eye on the future that is telescopic. They can see far enough ahead for themselves, although they are blind, except as to hind sight, for anybody else.

### Next!—for the Presidential Chair

JUST at present a lot of the older ones in the Senate are all snarled up over the next Presidential nomination, and that doesn't come until 1908, in June. Some smart man in the background, or some smart interest more likely, has started the old favorite-son game, and many of the members of the most dignified legislative body in the world, and the greatest, have swallowed the bait and are yelling for more. There is only one place where adequate publicity is to be had for the movement to deprive President Roosevelt of the chance to name his successor, in so far as naming the Republican candidate will indicate that, and that place is the Senate. So, after grumbling and growling for three years, the men who were in the old Hanna movement of three years ago have come out of their dark corner and are busy. They figure that President Roosevelt has nothing more to give them, so they can afford to fight him. That would not have been politics so long as there was a crumb of patronage left. But the offices are pretty well filled now, and the President has determined not to run again—if he can help it—and he is in the has-been class.

They knew him when, you know, and fawned until they had all there was to get. Now, if he has the temerity to display the slightest interest in the naming of the next Republican candidate for President, he must be shot on the spot, and nobody is going to be too blamed particular about what spot. It is an outrage against a free and untrammeled people. They worked their game shrewdly enough to force a declaration from Secretary Taft that he would not refuse the nomination if he could get it, which was not startling, because no living man would. It was enough for their purposes, for it gives Foraker something to throw rocks at, and it sort of makes it appear that Taft is the man the President favors.

Foraker wants to be President, and he has about as much chance of it as Senator Ankeny has. Still, Foraker may be able to keep Ohio from Taft, and that is much. Already the prognosticators are counting votes in the next Republican National Convention; and they say they have put out enough favorite sons and have enough negro delegates to keep President Roosevelt from having anything to say. There are only two flaws in this program. The first is that it is eighteen months until the convention, and T. Roosevelt can do a considerable number of things in that time. The second is that a movement of this kind needs a Hanna, and there is no Hanna in sight.

### The Ponderosity of Julius Cæsar

THEY have put in Speaker Cannon and Foraker and Shaw; Vice-President Fairbanks put himself in. They have toyed with others. Somebody mentioned the name of Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan—mentioned, I said. Nobody laughed, for Burrows has as good a right to be mentioned as any one else. The Honorable Julius Cæsar is now engaged in forcing a vote on the Smoot case. He is forcing it calmly and deliberately. When Burrows forces anything he takes his unlimited time about it. He is no statesman to rush into a breach and yell for action. He operates in a dignified manner. He has his own theory of Senatorial procedure. Nobody hears of Burrows hopping up and discussing every question that comes along. When he appears in the arena it is after all the scenery has been shifted, the spot light fixed and the audience fully prepared by wily advance notices. It is his opinion that it is better to fire a thirteen-inch gun once in a while than to be peppering away with a gatling always.

Knowing a little about Michigan, I have always wondered why the gentlemen who scurry around the country diagnosing sore spots on the body politic have never put a probe in there. There has been much talk about the ring in Pennsylvania and Ohio and Rhode Island and New York and in other States, but not a word has escaped about Michigan, where there is a ring as compact and as powerful as any that governs elsewhere, and where the railroads have more to do with politics than they do in States where railroad influences are always held up as debauchers of the free American suffrages. The ring in Michigan is air-tight and copper-riveted. It does its work unostentatiously, but it does it. If you should tell the proletariat of Michigan about all this, the proletariat would look at you compassionately and tell you you were badly mistaken, which is the result the railroads have labored years to acquire.

There is another State where the organization governs without getting out of the high grass, and that is

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Massachusetts. It would be a sacrilege almost to intimate that Henry Cabot Lodge, student in politics and bosom friend of the President, is a boss. That is one of those ideas that make you gasp. Impossible! Certainly, but true. He isn't a boss who goes into the trenches and fights with the gang. He is a sublimated, kid-glove sort of a boss. Any person who doubts this is invited to go to Massachusetts and try some politics. He wouldn't last a minute.

Lodge looks on Massachusetts as a sort of an entail of his. He imagines he inherited the State from somebody and that the will has been probated and he is in sole possession. If it was suggested to him that he is a boss, he would transfix the suggester with a stare so haughty that that mere person would shrivel into a heap. *He* a boss? Preposterous! He is merely the leading citizen in the State and the pride of the Republican party, placed in his exalted position because of his talents and his fortune, which some previous Lodge accumulated in sordid trade. Lodge is against bosses. But there are some few people, it seems, who cannot distinguish between the mere aggrandizement of self by means of politics and the unselfish devotion to public weal that leads a great man to serve his State and his country in the halls of Congress, with an eye, now and then, to the internal affairs of his State, especially as regards the political division that is affiliated with him

"Lodge works it better than any of us," my Senator said the other day. "A student in politics is not so rare, but politics in a student is infrequently found. Lodge retains his position as the student, and the general public has not found out yet that he got his diploma fifteen years ago."

# Sense and Nonsense

### The Bluffers

"How much do you want for your First Street lot?"
Said a real-estate man to me.
I looked as if I were lost in thought,
And then I replied: "Let's see:
Black's sold last year at fifty the foot;
So, without any algebra, that should put
My figures at sixty now, I guess,
Or a trifle more, or a trifle less."
I was anxious to sell at fifty straight
Or I might have dropped down to forty-eight.
Oh, yes, I'm a bit of a bluff, it's true;
What sort of a bluff are you?

"And what do you know about railroad rates?"
The man with a bald brow said
"For you have traveled through all the States
And have heard a good deal and read."
"The railroad lines," I wisely replied,
"Are the lines with which our trade is tied,
And the wretches who take these rebates set
New knots in the bonds under which we fret."
But now, I remember, I once rode free
And forgot that the road rebated me.
Oh, yes, I'm a bit of a bluff, it's true;
How much of a bluff are you?

"So you went to hear Siegfried and found it fine?"
Said a classical friend one day.
"I'm sure your impressions accord with mine,
But tell me your own terse way."
And "Oh, the tone-color beats belief,"
And oh, "dynamics," and oh, "motif!"
And "chiar-oscuro, how finely abstruse!"
And la-la-la-la, and oh, well, what's the use?
For all that I understood in the play
Was that dippy, old dragon of papier-mâché.
Oh, yes, I'm a bit of a bluff, it's true;
What sort of a bluff are you?

"Should the senior Senator be returned?"
Said a newspaper man to me.
"He's as rotten a rascal as ever burned,"
I cried. "May I quote?" asked he.
"Oh, no," I replied; "if you're going to quote,
Just remark that his friends regret to note
That the exigencies of the party case
Indicate that he shouldn't reënter the race."
For the Senator sometime may possibly be
Interviewed by a newspaper man about me!
Oh, none of these cases may quite fit you,
But what sort of a bluff *are* you?

— *Edmund Vance Cooke.*

### A Captain from Missouri

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, the happy and affable senior Senator from West Virginia, is a railroad magnate. Naturally, he carries passes on all roads, or at least those in West Virginia. Most all of the older conductors know the Senator, and he rarely ever enters a train on any system in his home State that he is not seen to give the chief train official a handshake.

Nearly everybody also knows Captain Walker. At least, almost everybody who has traveled over the G. & B. division of the Baltimore and Ohio, by which connections are made with Senator Elkins' road at Elkins. Captain Walker has been on that division for the past twenty years, or almost as long as it has been in existence. He is a good story-teller and never loses an opportunity to "get back" at any one who makes him the victim of the slightest joke.

Everybody looks alike to the Captain. Senator Elkins has a habit of carrying his passes in his grip. Not long ago when he was on Captain Walker's train he replied to the Captain when he was asked for his ticket: "I am Senator Elkins, as you probably know, Captain. My pass is in my grip."

Captain Walker replied: "Well, I'm Captain Walker, as you probably don't know, and don't care. I'm from Missouri." Further words were unnecessary. The Senator began to hunt for the pass.

### The Passing Milkmaid

THE most romantic feature of farm life bids fair soon to disappear. An edict has gone forth that the milkmaid must go. She may be pretty and pleasing, but she is not scientific.

The milking machine has arrived to take the milkmaid's place. Sometimes it is run by electricity, with the help of a storage-battery. Simple of construction, it is nothing more than an ingeniously-contrived pump, with which are connected a number of rubber tubes. When the tubes are adjusted, the requisite suction is produced by the pump, and the milk flows into the pail.

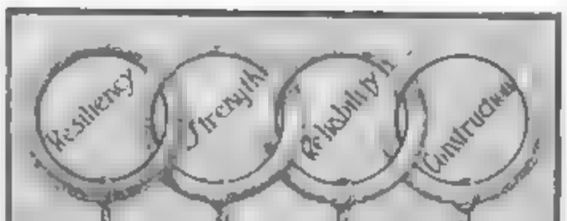
By the help of such machines, a whole stableful of cows can be milked simultaneously and expeditiously, at less cost. Milkmaids must be fed, and, as a rule, have large appetites; they are never cheap. On the other hand, the mechanical substitute does the work quite as well and demands neither wages nor board. If preferred, it may be run by a gasoline or an alcohol engine at trifling expense.

It is not economy, but the microbe question that is back of this reform. Milk is a natural "culture medium," and within half a dozen hours after it comes from the cow an average sample of it will contain about 10,000,000 bacteria to the quarter-teaspoonful. This is considered not an excessive allowance. Most of the germs are harmless, but some may be dangerous, and, this fact being realized, great efforts are at present being made to reduce as far as possible their rate of breeding.

The electric, or gasoline, milkmaid is merely the newest expedient adopted for the purpose. Inasmuch as the milk comes from the cow almost, if not quite, germ-free, and passes directly from the udder through a sterilized tube, without coming into contact with human hands, it must reach the pail (which likewise has been sterilized) in a condition practically devoid of microbes. If, thereupon, it is transferred to sterilized glass bottles and sealed in them, it must reach the consumer in a state beyond reasonable criticism.

### A Man Without a Party

THE new Congressman from the Ninth District of Ohio is an old war-horse of seventy-one, General Isaac R. Sherwood, who ran independently in Toledo in November, after a long career in Republican politics and journalism. Every newspaper in the town was against him except one sheet that appears only on Sundays. "Golden Rule" Jones always won Toledo without a party. But Jones had money. General Sherwood had none to spend for political machinery, and so made a "poor man's campaign." His success was in doubt for a week after election. Then it was found that he had thirty-nine votes plurality over the Republican candidate. The General went to the Civil War as Colonel of the 111th Ohio, and was twice brevetted on battlefields for gallantry.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# PLAYER FOLK

Laura Nelson Hall

### The Slow Climb of an Actress

THE case of Miss Laura Nelson Hall should be of interest to all young women who aspire to the triumphs of the footlights. She has youth, good looks, very real sympathy and charm, and she has abundant experience and skill on the professional stage. She has worked intelligently and hard. Yet only twice has she set her foot on that promised land of all player folk, Broadway; and, though both times she has acquitted herself to the admiration of the critics, she has as yet gained only the most precarious foothold there, or none at all.

In the spring of 1902 she appeared for a single performance in an experimental production of a comedy by the celebrated French playwright, Paulleron, called The Little Mouse. Every one wrote well of her. One newspaper man went behind the scenes to congratulate her, and when he found her flushed with the excitement of her performance, and still palpitating with the emotions of the scene she had just lived through, he concluded that she had real temperament and predicted a future for her on Broadway. Now, almost five years later, she has appeared again, and only a little more prominently. The Three of Us, in which Miss Carlotta Nillson is starring at the Madison Square Theatre, is a very real and moving little play, and proved so great a success that it was decided to give mid-week matinées.

But Miss Nillson was physically unequal to the extra performance, and so Miss Hall was called in from the road to spell her. Of all who had written so well of her, only one remembered that he had ever seen her—the one who had predicted the future that never came.

What is the explanation? There are two explanations, possibly more. Among those who saw Miss Hall as The Little Mouse was a theatrical manager who shared the opinion of the critics. He engaged her for leading parts in a Philadelphia stock company, and thought he had a find. The audiences, sheerly automatic in their attendance week after week and season after season, tired of her in a month. Her temperament and charm, so real and poignant to the discerning eye, failed to carry with the great public of average appreciation. And then, the plays given in stock-company houses are many of them false and theatrically exaggerated, affording little scope to an artist whose forte is sincerity, simplicity and fineness.

In The Three of Us she again has a part well within her ability, and a play that everywhere helps her by its heartfelt truth. If she is less poignant than Miss Nillson, less absolute in her sway over the audience, the difference is so slight that no one who had not seen the one would feel the least shortcoming in the other. And Miss Nillson, it should be remembered, suffered an apprenticeship of even greater length and deeper privation than has fallen to the lot of Miss Hall. Prophecy is a dateless bargain, and the reporter who, five years ago, promised Miss Hall a future now renews the promise. Every year our plays increase in simplicity, charm and truth, and so every year increases her chance on Broadway.

### The Business Play

IN THE Man of the Hour, George Broadhurst has passed out of the field of such farces as What Happened to Jones and Why Smith Left Home, and into that of the drama of contemporary finance and politics. He is of the opinion that the American public has made the journey with him.

Half a dozen years ago there was some truth in the verdict of the managers that the public is tired out with the daily life of business and looks to the theatre only for distraction from it. Charles Klein's very able play, The District Attorney, failed. To-day The Lion and the Mouse is duplicating the phenomenal success of The Music Master, even though it lacks the aid of a popular star, and The Man of the Hour has, as it seems, started on a career of similar prosperity. The last to be convinced of this is Mr. Broadhurst's manager, W. A. Brady, but, after studying the faces of the women in his audiences—it is supposed that women are averse to business—even he has fallen into line. The difference, Mr. Broadhurst says, is due to the noble army of muckrakers, and to the general tendency of the press, which make a direct appeal to the popular interest in practical affairs. In such matters it is very easy to get the cart before the horse. If the public had not been deeply interested in politics and business the subject could not possibly have received such widespread journalistic attention.

Mr. Broadhurst's play deals with high finance in its relation to graft in municipal politics. In New York it has been regarded as a study of Tammany, the leading characters being identified with local bosses and the mayor. Mr. Broadhurst denies that there is any such intention, and on his program has designated the place of the action as "any large city in America." When the play was given in Philadelphia, he says, it was taken as a picture of the local machine and the local mayor. In Harrisburg the critics made a similar identification with characters familiar to the home public. The important point is that this and other plays have exploded the old superstition that, in the theatre, people are interested in anything rather than in what interests them elsewhere.

### John Drew and Sidney Didn't

SOME years ago a young woman who was cast for a heavy thinking part in one of Maude Adams' productions remarked to her astonished friends that she did not see why she should not learn to do as well as Miss Adams. Her astonished friends were even more astonished when they could not find or allege any reason why. She was young, strong and pretty. She was intelligent, well educated, and her family was of the best. But her parts continued to be mostly thinking ones, and, even at that, she broke down physically and has been obliged to give up the stage.

The difference is not confined to actors of the first order. In a certain stock company the leading juvenile was an actor of over fifty, who wore a toupee, whose teeth were obviously false, and whose nose would have been grotesquely impossible except for the kindly services of make-up putty. As an artist he was old-fashioned, ranting, positively scenery-chewing. After he had been leading juvenile eight years, the manager, who had fine intelligence and dramatic sense, gave his old parts to a young actor of good looks and artistic methods, relegating him to character parts. The audience was outraged. When he was cast for Svengali it hissed Little Billee for striking him—not Svengali, but their beloved jeune-premier of fifty-five and the putty nose. A long series of young actors was tried with results equally disastrous. After a prosperous life of twenty-one years the stock company failed.

Art counts for something on the stage, but magnetism for more. John Drew has a brother who looks like his twin, but is unheard of beyond the minor walks of the profession. A wit put the case very neatly: John drew and Sidney didn't.


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The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are the very softest we can make and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

The coverings are of extra fine quality, beautiful Mercerized French Twills—pink, blue or yellow, both plain and figured, or high-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect; also the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

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# Getting On in the World

## *Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune*

### Bookkeeping and Grading

I HAD saved by economy and self-denial four hundred dollars, and wanted more than the four per cent. paid by the savings-banks. Noting the great demand for teams for grading and hauling I purchased a good team of horses, harness and a grading wagon, laid in a two-weeks' supply of feed, rented a stable, paid a vehicle license, insured the outfit at full value and engaged a good driver.

A large contractor for city work hired my team for the entire summer at the rate of five dollars per day, agreeing to pay weekly.

Summing up, my total cash outlay was three hundred and ninety-five dollars, while my weekly expenses were: wages for driver, thirteen dollars; rent for stable, two dollars; feed, about three dollars; total, eighteen dollars. My income from this source was thirty dollars a week, which netted me twelve dollars a week profit. The figures varied slightly from week to week, extra expenses, such as shoeing, etc., occurring, and sometimes the team was idle part of a day on account of rain; but in the main they were as stated.

The enterprise interfered with my regular occupation, which is bookkeeping, and I have already arranged with a large coal company to hire my team at slightly lower rates for the whole winter.

I expect to realize for the whole year, at a very conservative estimate, one hundred per cent. on my investment. —*A. L. C.*

### Bucking a Big Trust

IT LOOKED pretty dubious when the trust was organized in our industry, five years ago. We were small fellows, making only one specialty. The trust proposed to make everything in an extensive line, and the famous promoters who provided water to float it laid special emphasis on an asserted monopoly of raw materials. We were so insignificant that they did not even try to buy us out.

But, after the trust got going, we saw that it really had no monopoly of material. We got all we wanted, and, as the combine immediately boosted prices from twenty to fifty per cent. on everything it made, we began to branch out and underbid it in articles we had never manufactured before, but for which our machinery was suited.

There were naturally rich pickings. A firm that had been paying twenty dollars a gross for certain goods, when told that the trust had a monopoly and the price would hereafter be thirty dollars, and if the firm didn't see fit to pay that price it could go without—for such a firm to learn that there was an independent concern that would make the goods for twenty-five dollars a gross was like easy money.

The trust started in with an unwieldy organization and an amazing stock of arrogance that has since cost it hundreds of thousands of dollars in business. We were small, and could turn around in our own length, and we aimed to please. Soon our plant was going with a day and night shift, and we were putting in new machinery.

One day I called on a big consumer of our goods who had been piqued by the trust's hauteur. He used lots of stuff, but what I was after particularly was the contract for one line of goods of which he consumed over 100,000 gross annually. Our bid was favored, and we had demonstrated our ability to really produce the goods—a point on which he had at first expressed considerable doubt.

"Now, look here," said the customer, "if I give you this contract I'll be safe as far as getting this one line of goods is concerned. But think of all the other stuff I use that nobody but the combine makes! The trust is mighty strong. It'll simply raise prices again for my especial benefit. Why, it can pulverize me!"

"Well, if you feel that way about it," I replied, "you're right to be cautious. But here—will you give me this contract if within the next month I make it possible for you to contract with the trust for those other goods at a reduction from its last quotation?"

"Will I? I will. Just show me!"

That same afternoon I went over to a friend of mine who edits a trade journal, and said to him:

"Billy, do you realize how our plant is growing? I should like to have one of your reporters come over and see it. There may be a good story for you."

He sent a man with me. I first saw that the scribe had a good lunch, and then we went out to the works and investigated our processes. I told him how, a year ago, we had been making only a single specialty, and how, one by one, we had added others, until we were manufacturing a dozen. I gave him names of big customers we had secured, and figures of their purchases (a reporter always likes figures). I added facts about our prospects for future growth, and showed how these facts bore on the general prosperity of the country, and then, when he had this well in mind, I rang in the small joker that was to do our business. Although we had added a dozen lines of goods to our output, he must remember that this was only a beginning. Within a year we hoped to be making, in large quantities, this line, and that, and another. I named precisely those goods that my prospective customer was afraid the trust would hold him up on. We never intended to manufacture them at all, of course.

The reporter wrote a beautiful story of business enterprise, and the joker got into it correctly. The trust knew us. It had cut prices on all the stuff we made, and when we announced in this roundabout way that we meant to attack it in new quarters it immediately cut prices on the goods involved, though it had a monopoly on them—and still has, virtually. Our prospective customer was a large consumer of these lines. The trust sent a representative to see him, and bid so anxiously for his business that it seemed like the days before the merger. He closed with the combine at very favorable prices, and when he had done so he closed with us for the line *we* wanted. —*J. H. R.*

### Carrying Water His Start

ON THE K. N. D. R. R., in southeastern Kansas, I "shoveled" two days and a half. At noon on the third day the gang camped some distance away from the spring where we got water, and there was much grumbling and wishing that some one else would go after a bucket of water; but none of the rest was minded to go on his own time during the noon hour. I hunted up a couple of buckets and struck out for the spring, and got back just in time to pass around the water to the men as they commenced work. It was a hot day and they emptied the buckets before I got around, and the boss sent me back for more, and that was the end of my shoveling on that gang. It wasn't much of a promotion, but it beat shoveling in the hot sun by a long sight.

My second job was with a gang digging a sewer. In one place they had struck a strong stream of water and two laborers had been put to work to pump it out. I noticed that the packing of the pump was badly worn, making it pump about half the amount of water with twice the amount of labor that it should. So, during the noon hour, I got a ball of twine from the tool-house and packed the valve until it no longer lost air. The boss coming along just as I was testing my work, said: "You seem to understand that old rattletrap, B——; if you can keep it going by yourself I will give you half time extra." So, for over two weeks, I drew extra wages.

For a year afterward, on the Kansas City extension of the C. M. & St. P., while working on a gang of surfacing men, the superintendent of water supplies came along and wanted a couple of laborers to help fix the pump at the station well. With my previous experience I was able to make such a good showing that he kept me with him for several months as an assistant, and, at the end of that time, gave me and an older man a contract to dig all the station wells from the Iowa line to Kansas City. I made a couple of thousand dollars on that contract, and I learnt how to take contracts and handle men. —*W. D. B.*

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# POOR MAN'S LAND

(Concluded from Page 18)

stations and controlled the buying and selling of the North. To-day they are withered and shrunken, their stores have gone to the individual enterprises, their mines are sold.

With the 1900 stampede John Beau, of Chicago, landed in Nome with an eleven-thousand-dollar stock of goods. He set himself up in a shack beneath the eaves of the North American Transportation and Trading Company's imposing buildings. His store was rough and had no paint. Their walls were high and bright. He slept on top of his flour sacks and did his own cooking; they had a regiment of helpers, owned many steamships and other similar posts. There was no personal element in their doings. Mr. Beau had more personality than groceries. He made friends. They did not. The fabric of their enterprise was immense and hard to hold water-tight. He worked twelve hours a day and caulked whatever leaks he saw. He sold his goods and interested more capital till his company represented an outlay of thirty-one thousand dollars. That is all the money he used, but he now owns and occupies all the N. A. T. & T. Co. buildings, and some more besides, his storehouses are full, and this season he did a business of six hundred thousand dollars.

The Alaska Commercial Company was a larger, older and stronger outfit than the one above, and it established huge headquarters at Nome, placing in charge for the first winter a man at a moderate salary and expenses. After navigation closed and communication ceased all moneys taken in at this station were kept in the safe. When the books were examined in the spring, the agent's account was overdrawn one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Pretty good for a small town!

"We'll send you up," stormed his superiors, but he blandly showed them his contract, which provided for his wage and expenses, remarking, as he put his finger on the words: "I economized as much as possible, but expenses are high, and it took more than I expected to retain the trade."

He made it stick, too.

### The Man Who Kept on His Toes

There are other men up there who think largely. A very short time ago John Rosene was without other resource than his energy and his acquaintance, but he had the knack to see beyond the afternoon of the following day. He succeeded in chartering a rattletrap ship and set himself to hauling freight and people north in competition with the established lines. This summer he operated something like seventeen steamships, and has what almost amounts to a monopoly of Alaskan transportation. He figures in a great fisheries and packing company. You eat his salmon. He is part of a Siberian company, with concessions to countless miles of mineral and fur country, and is building Arctic railroads for amusement. Of his other adventures I know not.

I sat one night in a Nome café with Alaska's first short-term delegate to Congress. His people had done him much honor, and I had heard great tales of his success as a miner, so I wished to see the man these Northerners had chosen to sit among the mighty. They said he was of Alaska's finest strain; that he had its youth, its vigor and its healthy virtues; that he smelled a pay-streak farther and traced it longer than any of them; that he made his money honest; that he stuck to his friends, and that—they'd vote for him—forever.

I found him fresh from his mines, in overalls and flannels, a wholesome, clean-limbed, clear-eyed, boyish man, who looked as though he might indeed typify a breed of empire builders. I cared at once to hear his story.

"I landed here six years ago with twenty dollars in my pocket," said he, "and I've been mining ever since. It was pretty hard at first, as I didn't know a placer mine from a cassava patch, but I visited every proven creek and every working prospect in the district. I saw all there was and learned what I could. Then I evolved a theory and worked it out. I found a creek with some pay on it. I took the money I made there and put it elsewhere. I didn't cache my dust under the hearthstone or bank my earnings. I made it work as hard as I did. I never risk a dollar till I have examined every side of a proposition. I study a mine till I know it like a horse. Then I form my theories, and play them with the last dollar I can scrape."

"They call you lucky," I ventured.

"Perhaps! But luck plays no bigger part in mining than in merchandizing. It's intelligence and ambition that win in the long run."

"What is your motto?" said I.

"If I had one it would be, 'Keep on your toes.'"

"Tell me the story of the Snowflake Mine—where you got your start."

"Three of us leased the claim on a 'shoestring' and sunk one hundred feet to bed-rock. That cost money in those days. We struck nothing, so we drifted. In the first fifty feet we got one color, the size of a pin-point. Not very encouraging, eh? We kept on till we reached our financial limit, and decided to save the labor and expense of lifting any more dirt, but to go as far as we could before throwing up the lease. So we gophered ahead, heaving back the waste till we filled up the drift all but room for a man to crawl through. It was just a final chance we took before quitting. When we were clear to the end, and could go only about six feet farther, we struck it. We were sure it was there all the time. It simply took nerve to go after it. We've hoisted about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars so far, and the claim is still good."

### The Dancing Delegate

This is but one of Mr. Waskey's many ventures, for wherever a strike is made there will you find this alert young man, noting, observing, thinking. When he has covered a situation to his satisfaction he acts quickly and with force. And he makes it win. He brings to bear upon his work no great knowledge of geology or formation, merely intelligence, common-sense and an unfailing industry. He knows the use of every tool, from short-handled shovel to muckrake, and has no fear of them. Moreover, he knows Alaska and her needs, and if his voice is heeded at the Capital he will smooth the poor man's trail in the North.

Upon this night of which I speak we wandered down the street, talking of territorial government, till, lured by music, we pushed in through swing-doors. Many men were there. Far in the rear a man at a piano made much and fearful rag-time, while another danced. When it beheld him, the crowd cried, "Waskey! Frank Waskey!" and insisted that he show the paid professional what real buck-and-winging looked like. He strove to get away, but it assaulted him good-humoredly, and dragged him forward.

"Dance!" "Hit her up, Frank!" and "Shake yourself, Senator!" they yelled gleefully, but in the din he pointed to his miner's boots, whereupon a man unlaced his own shoes and gave them to him. They pushed him into a chair with the playfulness of Newfoundland puppies, and made him change his footgear. I wondered what his code demanded; what was etiquette in a case like this. But, above all things, is a North man adaptable, and he had no hesitation. The new delegate to the Congress of the United States put on the borrowed shoes, took off his canvas coat, and to the tune of Turkey in the Straw raised the dust of that saloon with the Mobile Buck, Pasamala and Turkey Trot. Then he resumed his boots, and again took up his talk on territorial government. Incidentally, those men will vote for Frank Waskey after he is dead.

I have told some stories of particular men I met up there, men who were poor but yesterday, but who are doing things to-day, each in his different line. As yet there are no great fortunes in the North—its prosperity is distributed. It is our common cry to-day that we younger ones suffer from a dearth of opportunity, and that our fathers had the best of us. Whether that is true or false, Alaska offers now what our forebears had in their times. She holds it forth in mines, in merchandise, in politics and in adventure. It is our last frontier, our very last, and, like others that have gone before, it is a rich land for a poor man, and a poor land for the rich.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of Mr. Beach's articles on Mining Experiences in Alaska.

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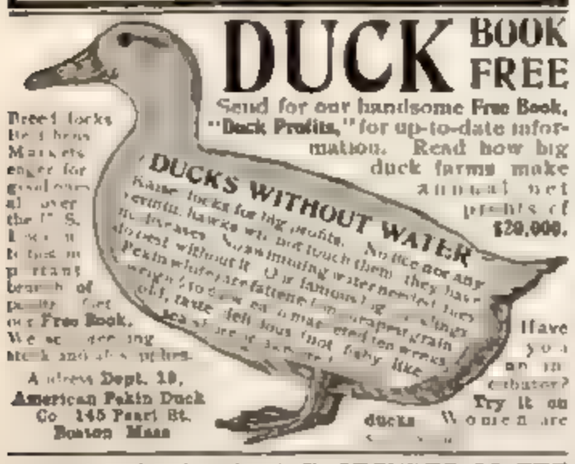


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# THE SHEEP WOMAN

(*Continued from Page 9*)

next morning, when the foreman and his assistants had scattered on their daily rounds to the four corners of the great ranch, One Lung nearly dropped a tray of pies at the apparition of his master passing the kitchen window—pale of face and slow of gait, but booted, spurred and armed. The Oriental mind, though, is not the Occidental mind. It runs in grooves known only to itself. His master's doings were his master's business, and his alone; and, after the first start of surprise, the Chinaman calmly continued his work. But a few minutes later a vigorous thwack on the door from what sounded like the butt of a pistol sent him shuffling at a double-quick in that direction. He beheld March in the saddle, on the back of his favorite mount.

"How far is this place called Ephesus, One Lung?" he asked, in the attenuated, somewhat querulous voice of the convalescent.

"Oh, belly, belly far—much far—heap far," answered One Lung, a faint glimmer of duty, possibly, now streaking the gloomy recesses of his mind.

"That will do," answered March in disgust. "Go back to your pots. You are not adapted to this country."

He knew about where Ephesus lay; and, like Buck Bannister, he had no mind, especially in his weakened condition, to ride twenty miles out of his way in order to avoid the Cisney ranch. He felt confident, moreover, that, if a run became necessary, none of the sheep men's ponies could push Whitefoot very hard. So he rode due east.

When he came in sight of the ranch-house he bore off a little to the south, in order to strike a swale where the tall grass, nearly to his horse's back, would afford a partial concealment. He had made half of the passage through the swale in safety, when, suddenly, something like a bee of incredible swiftness of flight, but whose sinister sound he immediately recognized, sang past his ear. The report of a rifle instantly followed. Turning quickly in the saddle, he saw a puff of white smoke drifting lazily along the grass-tops, some two hundred yards away. Nothing else was visible. The assassin was concealed below.

March leaped to the ground, on the side away from danger; then, crouching low, out of sight, and softly commanding the mare to follow, he crept forward, disturbing his cover as little as possible. Again the rifle spoke. Whitefoot, gun-proof though she was, halted, shivered, and threw up her head. Then, sinking to her knees with a groan, she fell heavily upon her side—dead.

It was now a game of life and death between March and his concealed foe. The latter was armed with a rifle, March with only his six-shooter, which was practically useless at the present range. Therefore, instead of retreating, he began to work toward his enemy, who would either have to submit to a duel at closer quarters or get out of the swale, which would expose him to view.

An oppressive silence followed, heightened by his inability to see a yard in advance without lifting his head to a dangerous height. March had never killed a man—ten minutes before would have shuddered at the thought of killing one. But now it was either kill or be killed. He made his choice as naturally as a panther would; and with a kind of insensate madness burning in his veins which banished every thought of fear, he crept nearer and nearer his intended prey. Now and then, he dropped a ball where the trembling grass-culms indicated the stealthy course of the other man. And the other man, guided by the same sign, now and then sent an answering ball snipping through the dried stems, never far from March, but never near enough to accomplish its deadly mission.

The ranch-house was in plain view; and though March was watching the grass-tops with all his being, along his leveled pistol-barrel, in the hope of glimpsing a face or shock of hair, he gradually became conscious, without looking up, of a horse and rider bearing down the slope upon him from the house at full speed. With two enemies to watch—especially if the second carried a rifle, as he probably would -

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B 42—"Guardate pazzo son' io" ("Behold Me I am Mad"), "Manon Lescaut"—Puccini. By Florencio Constantino Tenor Sung in Italian Orchestra accompaniment.

B 43 Gebet Prayer) "Allmaechtige Jungfrau "All powerful Virgin", "Tannhauser" Wagner By Mme Rappold, Soprano Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 44—"Bella siccome un angelo" ("Beautiful as an Angel") "Don Pasquale"—Donizetti. By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 45 "Willst jenen Tag" ("Wilt thou recall that day"), "Der Fliegende Hollaender" ("The Flying Dutchman") Wagner By Alois Burgstaller, Tenor. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

Comment on this list is almost unnecessary. Wherever music is known and loved these songs are great. Rappold, Scotti and Burgstaller have sung in grand opera all over this country. Ancona is Hammerstein's new baritone. Constantino is now singing in the South with the San Carlos Opera Company. Two selections are from Wagner, including the always popular "Flying Dutchman." Puccini is of special interest not only on account of his "Madame Butterfly" playing here, but also on account of the fact that he is now visiting in this country and conducting his own operas in New York.

If you love good music go to the nearest Edison store and hear these grand opera records. There are over [illegible] Edison Grand Opera Records. The complete list will be sent to any one on request. If you like grand opera music, write for it to-day. Ask for Grand Opera Selections, Supplement No. 5. Anyway, if you care for music, let us send you the following Edison Musical Library. Ask for it to-day, but [illegible] not be mailed until January 28th:

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March's death was only a matter of time, like a treed squirrel's; and revolving his hazardous situation with that miraculous swiftness of thought which is vouchsafed us only, seemingly, in dreams or the imminence of death, he dashed toward his foe, but still keeping under cover.

This bold move, betrayed by the crackling grass, was evidently too much for the would-be assassin's nerve; and he began to retreat at a speed which occasionally exposed his head to view. Seizing one of these opportunities, just as the flying horseman was coming into rifle-range, March suddenly straightened to his full height, so as to get an unobstructed aim, and fired. His enemy likewise straightened, spasmodically, emitted a piercing scream, sank to the ground, and was still.

March, panting from weakness and begrimed with dust, feeling himself a murderer, now that the deed was done, turned his haggard eyes upon the newcomer and raised his weapon. But the rider—he seemed a beardless boy—held up his empty hands, the universal signal for quarter. Then swerving aside from his course to where the fallen man lay, on the edge of the swale, he threw himself from the saddle and knelt over the motionless body.

Catching a fair view of the other's face for the first time, March gave a startled cry and plunged forward through the blinding, stinging grass.

"Miss Henderson!"

At the sound of his voice, Kate Cisney leaped to her feet, and stared at her erstwhile patient as if he were a ghost. For a moment breath apparently failed her.

"Not Miss Henderson any more, Mr. March," said she soberly, "but Kate Cisney."

"Kate Cisney?" ejaculated March unbelievingly.

"Yes. Mr. Bannister will explain it. When I heard the shots, and saw this man fall, I thought—it might be my brother. But it's Pedro." Her voice was very sweet and solemn, and tears glistened on her lashes. Then she stooped again and put her coat under the head of the wounded Mexican. "He is my brother, after all, is he not?" she asked. "He is your brother, too, Mr. March."

"But one who would have slain me—and from ambush," protested March.

"Yes, in his madness—the madness that seems to have seized all of us. But I meant no rebuke. Your deed was just, and bravely done for a sick man." Her eyes glowed. "I saw it, and I came to save you both. But why did you disobey orders and leave your bed?" She paused, shyly, as if anticipating his answer.

"I was riding to Ephesus." And, at the color which leaped to her cheeks, he added subtly: "Can you show me the road?"

She swung her compact, agile figure upon one spurred heel and pointed with her quirt at the ranch-house.

"There is Ephesus—*your* Ephesus. But your Lucy ——"

She turned her suffused face yet farther from him, pretending to study the plain. Then something in the distance did catch her eye; and throwing up her head like a startled doe, in order to see better, she dashed away what March believed to be tears. He also looked. Half a dozen men, bending low in their saddles, as if their horses were moving at breakneck speed, were descending a slope a mile away.

"Take my mare!" she commanded quickly. "Those are my men. They have sworn vengeance. They are drunk—and I cannot control them now. Ride! Ride fast!"

But March, suddenly careless of the life he had so valiantly defended, halted with his hand on the pommel.

"This ghastly game called war is over."

"Yes," she answered, and extended a slim hand. "But go, quickly, I pray you. Some day—some day—if you choose—you shall come again."

"I choose."

Still he tarried, with her hand in his. Her black lashes fell before his gaze. Then he swept her to his breast, kissed her faintly protesting lips, and vaulted into the saddle.

As he swiftly rode away the woman stood and watched him, through misty, contented eyes, a smile on her still moist lips. And when her yelling greasers, brandishing their rifles, thundered by a moment later, she continued to smile. Her lover was a full half mile ahead, riding as only a plainsman can, and the animal beneath him was widening the gap.


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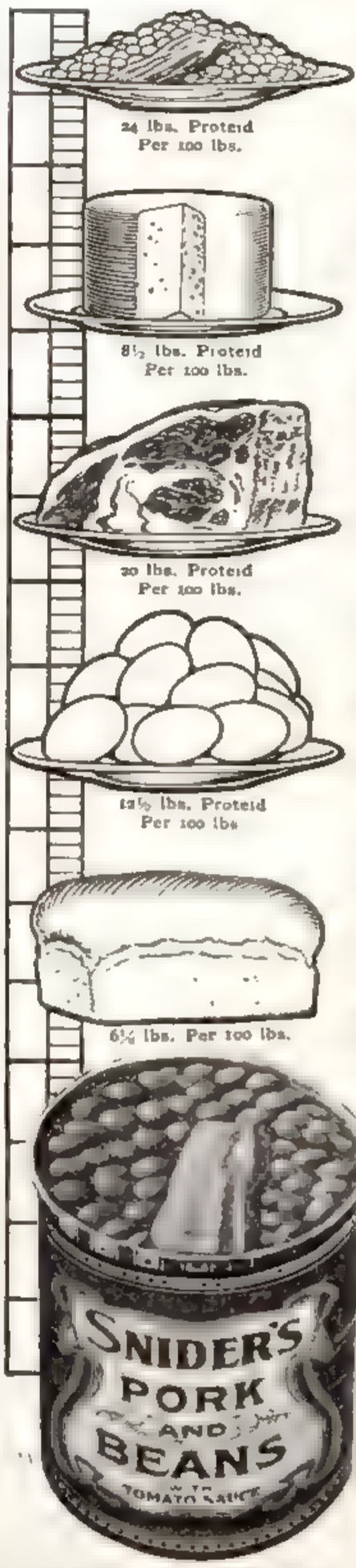


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# OLD GOLD, SILVER and JEWELRY

# THE UNKNOWN DOOR

(Continued from Page 15)

scratched paint by an insulator-shank that those wires had been recently strung. Those were the wires I had to kill.

The cornice hung two feet and more out over the walls. It was on the very edge of this cornice that the wires ran. My next problem was to reach them. For stretch as I might, with even the added inches of my lineman's pliers, the window-sill stood too far below. Under me, a sheer fall of fifty feet, was a spiked iron railing and the stone-paved courtyard. And valuable time was being lost, and vast things might be thrilling over those puny, little strings of Fate, not ten inches beyond my reach.

I turned and swept the room with my eyes. In one corner stood a narrow, long, children's blackboard, screwed to the wall. It was made of half-inch pine, framed with oak. I sprang at it, insanely tore it from its fastenings, and leaned one end on the window-sill. Then I thrust it out into space. It would raise me the needed ten inches, if only so fragile a scaffolding would bear my weight.

I gave the girl my revolver. "You'll have to stand on this end of the board, see, to hold it down. It won't be hard—only remember, I am hanging fifty feet over a spiked railing. Quick!"

She shuddered a little. "Oh, be careful!" she gasped. I was already squirming and working my way out between the broken bars.

I tested the strength of my platform cautiously. It seemed safe. Rising slowly, I touched the overhanging cornice with my left hand. A moment later I had clutched at the tin eaves-troughing along the cornice-edge. It was raining in the world outside—I could feel the warm drops on my upturned face. Carefully balancing my weight, I raised the other hand with the lineman's pliers. The steel jaws bit into the metal; it swung lifeless from its insulator. Cautiously I cut the next wire, and then the next. I could see little of the room within from where I hung. Then I worked the tip of the pliers under the remaining wire, my eyes turned upward.

It wasn't until I heard the girl's short, quick scream that I ducked and peered in, just as the steel jaws bit into the last wire and it was severed and swung lifeless.

### VIII

AS I LOOKED I saw the locked door burst open. Through it half plunged, half fell, the man in the quilted dressing-gown. He flung across the room, and I heard his booming cry of fury as he came. It was not an invalid's voice. Nor was his strength an invalid's strength, as he tossed the girl aside, like a rag, with one fierce jerk that sent her staggering against the pink-and-green-papered walls.

The inside of the blackboard swung sharply up. I knew the sickening sensation of sinking, helplessly sinking. Instinctively I threw up my right hand, which held the pliers, and caught at the edge of the eaves-troughing. The tool fell from my fingers. A moment later I could hear it clang and rattle on the iron and stone below. But I swung there, out over space, clinging desperately with both hands. A rivet in the tin troughing slowly gave way: it drooped an inch or two lower with my weight. A second rivet broke: then it held true. I felt with my dangling feet for the blackboard. But the infuriated man had jerked it back into the room. He stood at the window, his face contorted with hate and rage. He balanced a revolver in his hand.

"You fool!" he gasped, as he thrust his arm out between the rusty iron bars. The corroded metal stained the sleeve of his dressing-gown. For the first time a tingle of fear shocked every nerve in my body. I knew that he meant to shoot.

He laughed a little, devilishly, as he saw the terror on my face, motionless there, so close to his own. I shut out the scene—then an inspired thought came to me. With the quickness of the thought itself I kicked at his pointing revolver. That fierce kick, as it struck, flung the pistol from his hand, sent it rebounding against the wall and far out on the sod of the court below.

He looked at his bruised fingers a little stupidly. Then he looked at me, and laughed again, more wickedly than before.

"It's all the same, you fool!" he gloated. And then I realized what he meant, for my arms were already throbbing and I could feel a numbness creeping into my fingers. He meant me to hang there until the end. After all, it would be an end more horrible than the other.

The girl had failed me. She had fled, or fainted, or was crouching there, too weak to act.

"Shoot! Shoot!" I gasped out to her. "Can't you shoot?"

"How can I?" mocked the devil at the open window. He knew, apparently, that nothing remained to menace him.

"Shoot!" I screamed, knowing the ordeal could not last much longer.

### IX

THE leering and relentless face still watched me from between the bars. Strangely enough, hanging there as I was, that face brought to my mind the thought of a hyena pressing against its cage. Then the thought vanished, for close behind the quietly exulting man I saw the girl. Her face was white, like paper. Even her lips were colorless. Her staring eyes were expressionless with terror. For in her quaking and hesitating hand she held my revolver. I could see her slowly raise it to the level of the man's head. Suddenly, I felt like a spectator in a theatre-gallery, watching a drama far beneath him. I lost all sense of danger; I no longer remembered the ache in my arms, the scalding pain in my tortured finger-tips. I was conscious of only the scene before me—the scene that touched me with neither wonder, nor horror, nor regret. It seemed something taking place in another world. I simply watched, and waited for the end.

The shaking revolver-barrel was within a foot of the man's head before the picture shifted, quickly, like the shutter-plate of a kinetoscope.

"*Oh, I can't! I can't!*" screamed the girl in abject terror.

The man swung sharply at the sound of her voice. For the first time he saw and comprehended his peril. As he did so he sprang toward her, and she in turn fell back.

I could hear the shuffling of feet on the bare floor, a muttered oath, the sound of quick, short gasps, and then the detonation of the firearm. A second later a thin veil of smoke puffed from the open window. Then came the sound of something falling. Then the revolver itself dropped on the floor.

It was the woman who tottered to the window. She leaned against the sill, panting, shaking. I could see her breast heave and fall frantically. By this time my body was dead from the arm-sockets up. I could hold on no longer.

"The board! The board!" I gasped.

She must have understood, through her white-lipped terror, for she stooped dazedly and lifted the end of the blackboard to the window-sill, like a sleep-walker. Then she thrust it out, two feet, four feet, twice too far. I had no time to warn her, to have it withdrawn, though my weight with such a leverage would surely overbalance hers. I had no chance even to see if her body rested on the inside end of the board. I could hold on no longer. My fingers relaxed and I fell.

### X

THE outjutting blackboard sloped inward toward the window-sill. As I crumpled in across it, weak and exhausted, it held me there, held me until my benumbed fingers recovered some ghost of their cunning and could clutch frantically at the board edged with oak. But as the board caught my relaxing weight it quivered, and the outer end slowly descended like the beam of a scale. It came to a level on the broad stone sill. There it balanced.

Below me I saw the iron-spiked fence and the stone of the courtyard. I panted and trembled, helpless, waiting and praying for strength. Then, inch by inch, I fought my perilous way in toward the sill—inch by inch, until I could clutch the nearest iron bar. As I did so the outer end of the board went up, and I slid forward down its smooth surface, down, down, slowly, deliciously, thankfully, until I touched the girl.

Then for the first time I saw that she had fallen across the board, motionless. She had fainted away.

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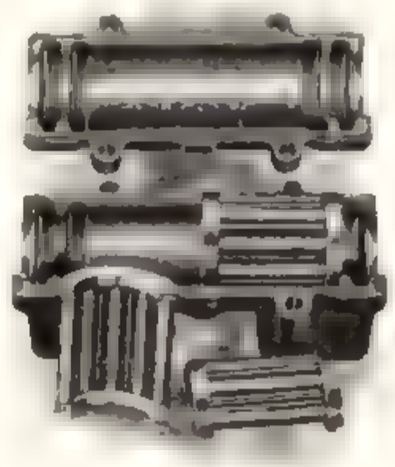

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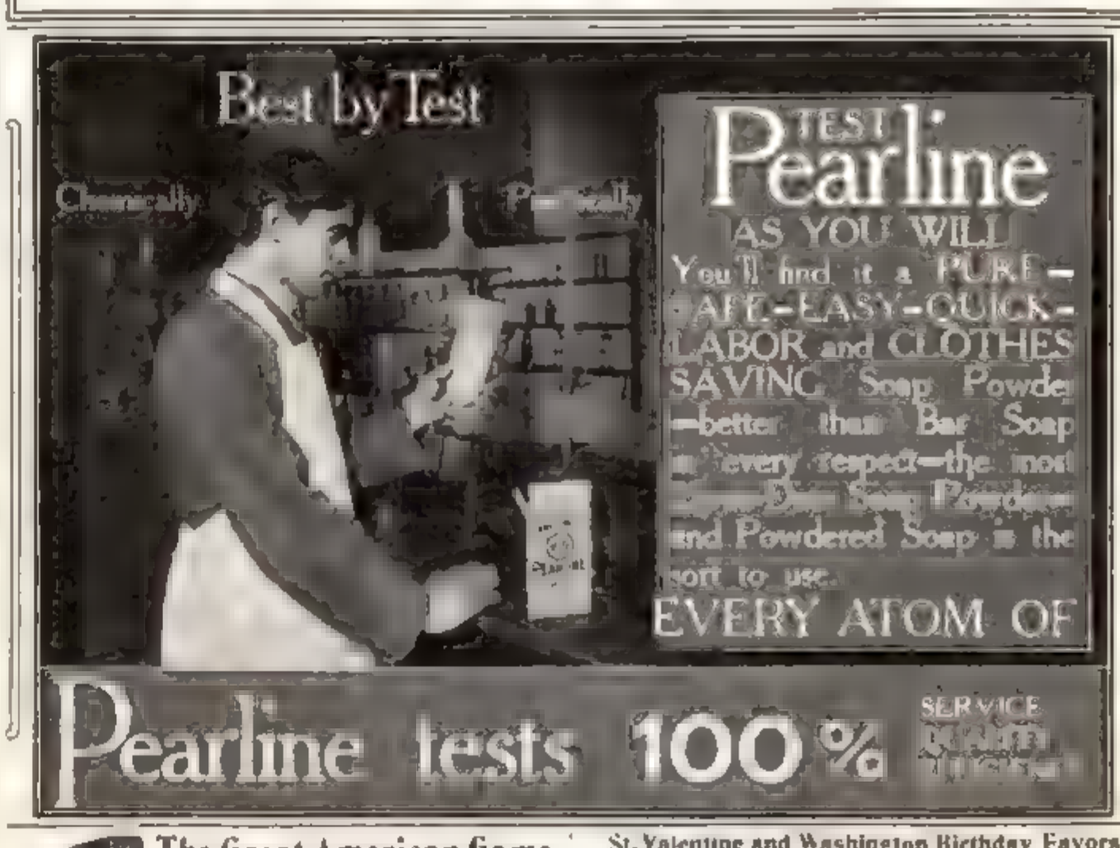
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I carried her to the window, and tore her waist open at the throat and fanned her frantically.

"Did I kill him?" she moaned, clinging to me as she came to. For the first time I remembered, and looked around.

The wounded man sat on the bare floor against the wall, staring at us stupidly. He held his right elbow in his left hand. But from where he supported it the forearm fell straight down, limp, helpless. I could see the blood slowly dripping from his coat-sleeve as I caught the girl and drew her away.

"Tell Dickson to get a doctor," he said quietly; "the bone is broken." I almost respected him.

I'd already caught the girl's arm in mine and snatched up the fallen revolver on our way to the door. How we got down those three long flights of stairs I scarcely know. I carried the revolver in my hand all the way, but no one opposed us, no one appeared. It seemed like a house of the dead. My hand still shook as I unlocked the great mahogany vestibule door and swung it wide. And I could feel the girl clutch at me before the sudden apparition of the man in the green livery.

He stood with his back against the wall, his arms folded. His face was impassive but ominous, the eyes as cold and dead as Fate itself. But he made no move, for my gun was there confronting him. And I was more collected by this time as I guardedly circled into the vestibule. But still the impassive mask showed no sign of the man behind it.

"Dickson," and I wheeled as I spoke so the girl stood behind me, "your master's wounded in the children's room. Go there quick—then get a doctor, for his arm is broken."

"Yes, sir," answered the impassive lips. But I turned as he stepped forward, so that I might face him at each move. When he reached the stairs I quickly swung the great jail-like door shut and locked it. Beyond the outer door was the street, liberty, the open world.

"Are you ready?" I asked. "For you must go first, and alone."

She looked at me curiously. The color had come back to her face.

"I'm ready," she said at last. Then she stopped and faced me in the gloom of the vestibule.

"I'll never forget," she said with an odd, little, throaty shake in her voice.

"Not until to-morrow," I answered a little bitterly, remembering what I had been through. Yet still again something in her eyes crept like wine through my tired body.

"Never, as long as I live," she repeated solemnly. Her head drooped as she held out her hand to say good-by. I took her hand in my own, knowing it was her sense of escape, her reaction after suffering, that made her speak. Yet I felt vaguely that life was confronting me with some moment to which I was unable to rise, that Destiny was in some way testing me and finding me wanting.

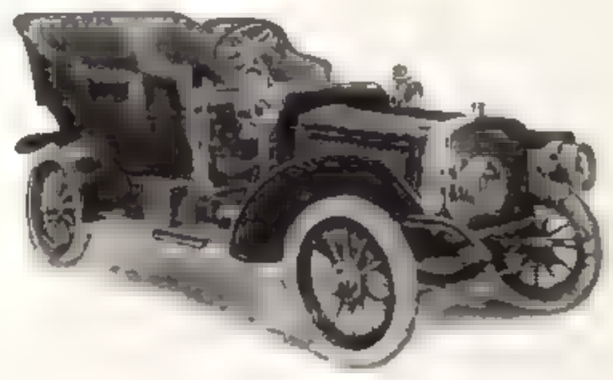
"*I shall never see you again.*"

It was neither a question nor a statement, though it might have been either. Her face was quite colorless again.

"*Never,*" I answered without hesitation. For the first time it came home to me how far her world had always stood from mine.

I think she felt what I said was true. She took one great breath and looked up at me without a word. "Good-by," she whispered, as I unlocked the outer door in silence and held it open for her. She passed out and down the steps.

Two minutes later the great door closed again on me. It was raining softly and seemed late in the day. Down the quiet valley of brick and stone stretched the orderly rows of street-lamps. A stream of weary and sedentary laborers hurried east from Broadway, homeward after a day's work, little dreaming that behind the door, beside which I paused to make sure the coast was clear, I had been confronted by things not of their world. I plunged into their midst like a rabbit into its warren, suddenly remembering I was as hungry as a wolf.



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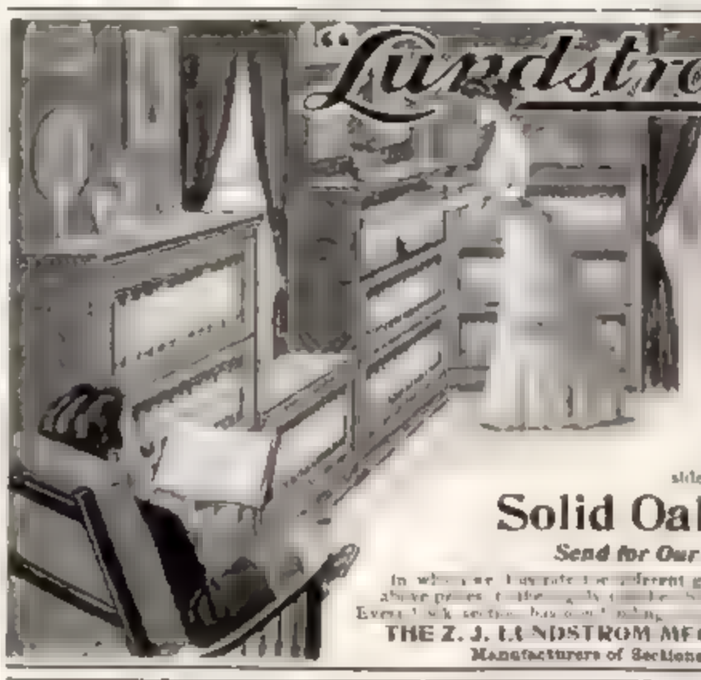

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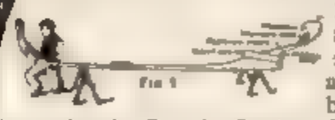

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# THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

(Concluded from Page 17)

those who want to know what a road has done by the public as well as what it has done by its stockholders.

Probably a rupture between Fish and Harriman would have come anyway. Their ideas about railroading are different, and with his high success Harriman grew less patient of different ideas. I suppose neither of them could quite forget that once upon a time, in their relationship, Harriman was the poor and humble member. Such recollections are often a cause of irritation. They differed about the Mutual Life Insurance Company. To say it as briefly as possible, that company last winter appointed a committee of its own trustees to investigate and report upon its condition—somewhat after the pattern of the Frick-Harriman investigation of the Equitable. The committee was composed of William H. Truesdale, president of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; John W. Auchincloss, a director of Illinois Central, and Stuyvesant Fish. It made a requisition upon President Peabody for full information concerning dealings of trustees and employees in affairs in which the company was interested.

President Peabody is a director of Illinois Central, also a director of Union Pacific. It will be recalled that the Frick-Harriman investigation and report in the Equitable case had not turned out at all to the satisfaction of Mr. Harriman. The bomb had been exploded—and the net result was that Ryan got the Hyde stock. It is quite reasonable to suppose that Mr. Harriman (although not a trustee of Mutual Life) did not, as a general proposition, favor the exploding of any more life-insurance bombs. At any rate, President Peabody refused the committee's request for information. He had no right, he said, to inquire into the doings of trustees, and, as to employees, it would take too much time. Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss, of the committee, adopted this view. So Mr. Fish resigned. The public said that, being unable to make a real investigation, he refused to lend himself to a sham one. And it was published at the time that, as a punishment for the refusal, Harriman would oust him from the presidency of Illinois Central.

### How Fish was Ousted

The ousting took place in November. Fish and Harriman at one time jointly owned a lot of Illinois Central stock. Harriman took up a concern that he called the Railroad Securities Company, to which the jointly-owned stock (80,000 shares) was turned over. The Securities Company issued eight millions of 3½ per cent. bonds, secured by pledging the Illinois Central stock; also some common and preferred stock of its own. This was a clever device, because it enabled them, by selling the bonds, to get back most of the money they had paid for the Illinois Central stock—in other words, to float a long-time, low-interest loan upon it. But one unforeseen result of it was that Fish was unable to vote his own Illinois Central stock, Harriman being in control of the Securities Company. Mr. Fish, however, at the Illinois Central annual meeting had proxies for a large majority of the stock. At the subsequent meeting of the directors to elect officers a majority of the board, including Harriman, Peabody, Auchincloss, Astor, Vanderbilt and Harahan voted to depose Fish and put Harahan in his place.

The action raised a storm of protest, and for the first time, I think, Mr. Harriman acknowledged the force of a factor that is neither listed on the Stock Exchange nor available as collateral—that is, of public opinion. After the intercession and arguments of a big business associate he gave a long newspaper interview, defending his cause, and, a little later, in Chicago, he received a group of reporters with notable affability.

### The Business Hand in Everything

The most conspicuous public work that I find credited to him is the Harriman scientific expedition to Alaska in 1899. It began, as he explains in the brief preface, as a summer outing for himself and family and a few guests; but, coöperating with the Geographical Society, he expanded the plan. Twenty-five scientists and three artists, with the lay guests and the Harrimans, were taken on a specially chartered and equipped steamer for a cruise of two months. The results, geographically and scientifically, were interesting and of considerable importance. Mr. Harriman had an account of the voyage published in three volumes, with elaborate illustrations and maps.

To the non-financial person it seems interestingly characteristic that Mr. Harriman promptly organized the party by the election of twelve standing committees, including one on Big Game. He himself was chairman of the executive committee. Around his fine country place, at Arden, New York, he has constructed an extensive and costly system of drives. To do this work he organized the Orange County Road Construction Company, with E. H. Harriman president and chairman of the board. It is related that he audits his household budget with the same exactitude and in the same form that he uses for the railroad accounts, and that when somebody raised a gardener's wages, offhand, he at once detected and corrected that irregularity.

He is almost sixty years old, but they say he shows no sign of lessening his tremendous activity. A man so active, so ambitious and so astute may do almost anything that can be done with money. With the prestige of his great success and with the enormous credit of Union Pacific at absolute command, there is scarcely a limit to his possible Wall Street conquests. It is now said that he and his Standard Oil allies are in a position to take control of New York Central any time they choose. This is perfectly probable. They are very strong in Atchison and Pennsylvania, and we may see those properties added to the Harriman empire. Presumably the empire would still make good to those who "went in on the deal." Just what good it is to anybody else is difficult to say. Mr. Harriman is thoroughly a Wall Street man. He has played a nervy game with immense luck and profit. So, naturally, he is a very great man in the Street. That he should be seriously presented as an important factor in the country's industrial development seems to me quite absurd. What has he given the country in return for the enormous winnings that he and his associates have made out of the country's prosperity? He, personally, has made probably fifty millions; perhaps a hundred millions. We pay the freight.

## Arbuckle and the Sheriff

MACLYN ARBUCKLE regards it as by no means the least of his qualifications for playing The County Chairman that he once ran for office in his native town of Texarkana, on the border between Texas and Arkansas, and his costume is a minute reproduction of that which he then wore. In The Lambs Club lately, on his return from tour, he told of an adventure he had when he played Mr. Ade's piece there.

Walking down the main street at noon he was suddenly held up by the sheriff, who covered him with the traditional brace of six-shooters. Behind the sheriff was a posse of six, each of whom held two shooting irons in readiness. It so happened that Mrs. Arbuckle at this moment came out of a shop and witnessed her husband's peril. Her outcry was in vain. Mr. Arbuckle was marched away toward the courthouse. On the way two old residents accosted the sheriff and his posse, one of them a ranchman who had driven his entire family twelve miles to town to see the play. Both violently declared that they knew Mr. Arbuckle, and had known his father for years before him, and that, finally, an honester man never lived.

None the less, the actor was lodged in jail. His trial was speedy. By this time the town was pretty well aroused and crowded the courtroom—the very same one, by the way, which Mr. Arbuckle would have occupied if he had been elected. Mr. Arbuckle was refused counsel, and so had to plead his own cause. The trial was long and argued with much vehemence, the charge being that in his youth he had recklessly and feloniously endangered public tranquillity by running for the office of justice of the peace.


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# Some Unsolved Problems in Surgery

(Continued from Page 7)

The practical results of these studies in animals and man have been of great value. We now know—instead of guessing at it—that one of the great dangers of chloroform is its effect on the blood pressure; that a large blood clot on the brain raises the pressure to a degree dangerous to life, that the degree of blood pressure is an index of the pressure inside the head, and that operation for the removal of the clot removes the chief danger; that in abdominal operations, as shown by operations upon animals, our manipulations of the contents of the abdomen must be as gentle and as restricted as possible—a new lesson to many a surgeon and a life-saving lesson for many a patient. Until this was shown by such experiments surgeons never dreamed that they were doing harm by such manipulations. Did time permit, many other applications of this new knowledge could be given. The study of this problem has begun so lately that our knowledge is, as yet, very imperfect.

2. Even of greater interest and value are the studies of the last ten years of the blood itself by the microscope and other means of investigation.

The blood is made up of a fluid in which float the blood corpuscles or blood cells. These last are of two kinds, the red, which carry the oxygen from the lungs to all parts of the body, and the white cells (or leucocytes). In a cubic millimeter of blood (that is, a cube whose side is 1-25 of an inch) there are usually about 5,000,000 red cells and only 7500 white cells. In inflammations, however, such as abscess, appendicitis, etc., the white cells rapidly increase in number up to 15,000, 25,000, or even 50,000 or more in the cubic millimeter. This increase (called leucocytosis) seems to be an index of the degree of the infection and of the resisting power of the patient to the poison of the infection. The severer the infection, the greater will be the increase in the white cells. But if the infection be so severe as to overwhelm the patient, then there will be little or no leucocytosis. If the patient is in vigorous health and makes a fierce fight for life the white cells show a large increase; but if his health is poor and his powers of resistance feeble the increase will be but slight and he loses the battle.

It must be understood, of course, that these statements—as many others in this paper—are dogmatic and are not intended to be interpreted too exactly, for there are many other factors which would modify the statements, and these must be taken into account. For popular explanation, however, these modifications may be neglected.

Sometimes, by the blood count (that is, the numbers of the red and white cells), we can distinguish between diseases which may be very similar in their initial stages and yet require very different treatment. Thus, in typhoid there is no leucocytosis (increase in number of white cells) at the beginning, but in appendicitis there is. In the latter case prompt operation is generally required; in the former, operation would be a terrible mistake.

But the blood also may contain germs which are wholly foreign to normal blood. Within the last five years, by improved methods, it has been found that in over 80 per cent. of patients with typhoid fever the germs of typhoid are found in the blood in the first week. Indeed, this is now the earliest positive means of diagnosticating that disorder. So, too, in that most dangerous infection, anthrax or wool-sorter's disease—a very fatal disease contracted from cattle—the anthrax germs are found in the blood at a very early stage.

### War of the Whites and the Reds

A very curious discovery has been made only within the last three or four years by Wright and Douglass, of England, as to the relation between the white cells of the blood, the bacteria and certain substances found in the blood, to which they have given the name of opsonins. (The accent is on the long "o" in the second syllable.) It has long been known that the white cells eat up bacteria. When, by an infection due to bacteria, an inflammation occurs, the white cells at once increase in number at the point of infection and eat up the bacteria. ("Eat 'em alive," in the words of Herr von Barwig.) If the white cells get the upper hand the bacteria are destroyed and the patient gets well. If the bacteria win the fight the patient dies.

Wright and Douglass, however, have shown that in certain conditions the white cells, so to speak, are very hungry, and will eat up the bacteria with avidity; in other conditions the bacteria do not seem to be attractive to them and they eat up very few. Thus, in ordinary blood 25 white cells have been found capable of digesting (or eating up) 413 bacteria; whereas in the blood of a diabetic patient 25 white cells only digested 249 bacteria, only a little over one-half of the former ratio. The opsonins have the faculty of preparing (or, to carry out the figure of a meal, of cooking) the bacteria so that they become very attractive to the white cells, which then greedily feed upon them—much to the advantage of the poor sick fellow. By hypodermatic injections of certain preparations we can add to the opsonic power of the blood, so that the white cells will do their best to destroy the bacteria and so help the patient out of his peril.

But this is all so new that we cannot say positively that it is as yet accepted by the majority of investigators as well established. Yet it *seems* to be true, and, if it be proved to be so, it will make one of the most striking advances in modern surgery, and give us a new weapon with which to conquer disease.

### Uses of the Ductless Glands

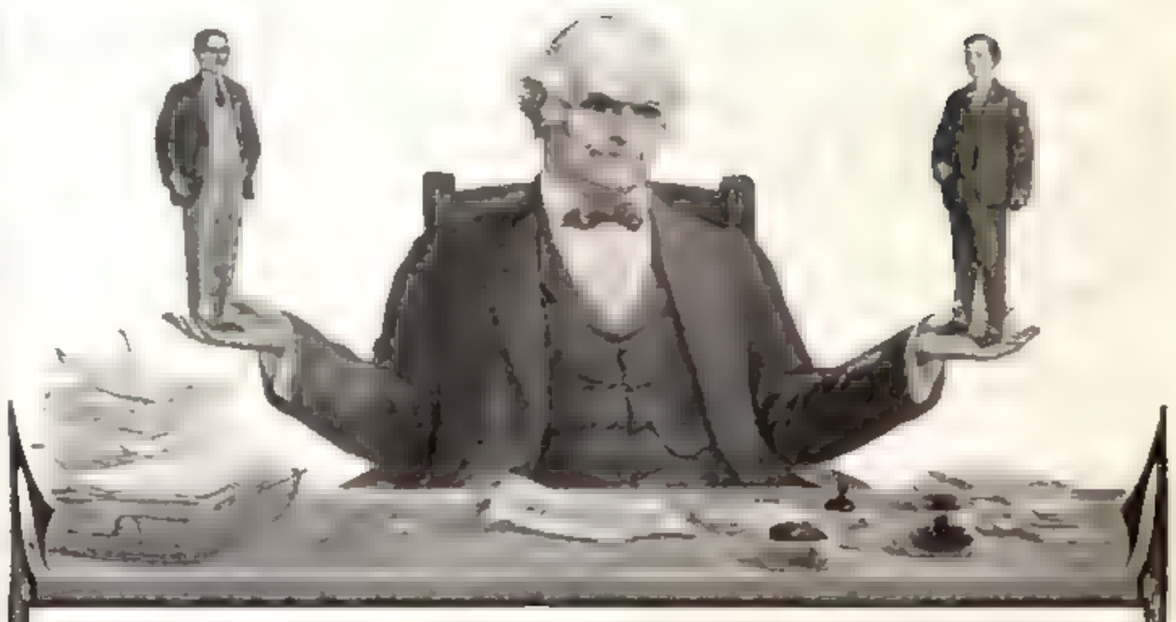
*Internal Secretions.* There are in the body certain glands which have no tube or duct by which the secretion of the gland is discharged into the blood. Among these is the thyroid gland in the front of the neck (the enlargement of which produces a goiter); another is a gland (the adrenal or suprarenal gland) which is situated on top of the kidney; and some other glands which need not be mentioned. The internal secretions of these glands in some way gain access to the blood, and, it is believed, influence the nutrition or other conditions of the body in a way essential to health. Removal of all of the thyroid gland in man produces a peculiar deleterious change in both the physical and mental condition of the patient. Hence, in operations for goiter, we always leave a portion of the gland. The effect of their removal in animals has been found to be similarly injurious.

From the thyroid gland, the adrenals, and other glands of animals there have been prepared substances which, when administered to patients, produce important effects in various ways, so that they are now regularly used as medicines of recognized value. The extract of the adrenal (called adrenalin), as has already been stated, increases markedly the blood pressure and is of great value in certain surgical emergencies.

But these preparations, or remedies, also have their dangers. Adrenalin, for instance, if injudiciously given, will alter the walls of the arteries and produce senile changes.

The wise use of these agents is as yet largely an unsolved problem in surgery. Experiments upon animals, to which they can be given under known and well-regulated conditions, and clinical observation when they are used on man, will serve in time to clear up much that is as yet imperfectly understood, and guide us in their proper use so that we can alleviate human suffering and ward off disease or even death itself.

*Experiments on the Blood-vessels.* Until lately, when a blood-vessel was cut, our only resource was to tie it so as to prevent fatal hemorrhage; but as this cut off the entire blood supply of a leg or an arm it was not seldom followed by gangrene. In the last few years, however, by experiments upon animals, we have learned how to sew up the openings in such vessels. Even when the blood-vessel has been completely cut across we can now sew the ends together, thus restoring the continuity of the artery or vein, and preventing the gangrene which might otherwise follow. More than that, as a result of many such experiments, Carrel and Guthrie, in Chicago, have been able entirely to remove a kidney and then replace it, sewing the cut ends of the artery and the vein, each to each, and the kidney has resumed its normal function. They have even been able, successfully, to

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take one kidney from each of two dogs and replace each kidney in the wrong dog. They have also successfully sewed the cut end of an artery to a vein and vice versa. Whether it will ever be possible to remove a man's diseased kidney and replace it by that of an animal is as yet uncertain, but, *per se,* it is not impossible.

But the result of their experiments will eventually save not a few limbs and lives by our ability to continue the blood supply to a limb in cases of aneurism. An aneurism is a bulging or dilatation of an artery most frequently seen behind the knee. Up to the present time our means for remedying this have been practically restricted to tying the artery, thus cutting off the blood supply. These investigators have shown, however, that the vein can serve the purpose of an artery and the artery the purpose of a vein by crisscrossing them, and a Spanish surgeon, in a case of aneurism of the leg, has recently made the vein of the leg serve the same purpose as the artery by attaching the artery above to the vein below. By this means the blood goes into the artery for a certain distance, then goes to the leg by the main vein and finds its way back by other subsidiary veins. In time, the usefulness of these experiments will probably be immensely increased.

In this brief paper I have been able to indicate only a few of the most important unsolved problems in surgery, and only those which lend themselves best to a popular exposition to intelligent non-surgical readers. Many others equally important, but more technical, are crowding upon us for solution. Happy the young surgeon who can aid in the solution of these important, these life-saving problems.

I know of no more touching, no more reverent attitude, than that expressed by the late Major Walter Reed, of the United States Army, whose labors in discovering the cause and the means of prevention of yellow fever are so well known. It is the attitude of every seeker after truth in the profession I love so dearly and to which I have given the labor of a long life. Writing to his wife, on December 31, 1900, he utters this noble sentiment, with which I may well close:

> Only ten minutes of the old century remain. Here have I been sitting, reading that most wonderful book, LaRoche on Yellow Fever, written in 1853. Forty-seven years later it has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought out in the early days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted!

Major Reed's hope was speedily realized. Yellow fever has been practically eradicated from Cuba and Panama, after nearly two centuries of destruction of human life.

## On the Milk-Wagon

IT IS easier to square the circle, managers say, than to tell just what the effect of any given scene will be when it appears in the concrete materials of the stage before an audience. No modern playwright has been more successful than Clyde Fitch in making the minutiæ of realism tell; yet his blunders have sometimes been as striking as his successes.

In his dramatization of The House of Mirth, one of the final scenes was outside of the boarding-house hall-bedroom in which Lily Bart lay dead from an overdose of chloral. It struck Mr. Fitch as a happy thought to place before the threshold a quart bottle of milk. This was to indicate that the time of the scene was morning; and when the other characters came on it would also be evident, Mr. Fitch expected, that Lily was unaccountably late in rising.

But such a touch of the commonplace is very dangerous in juxtaposition with high tragedy. When the previous curtain had fallen the audience had been made painfully aware that Lily was taking too much of the sleep-giving drug. When it arose and disclosed the work of the dairyman, one fervent soul in the gallery exclaimed:

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# THE CAVE MAN

(Continued from Page 5)

"She was so pretty in all this, I was hoping you would let me put some of it back."

"I, too," said Judith.

Penrhyn's manner changed, and he shrugged good-naturedly. "What you say in section goes!" he laughed to Wistar.

Judith cast a few flakes into the golden hair, and Wistar, shoulder touching shoulder with her, placed a red star in one ear, a white star in the other.

He had understood. Penrhyn had not. Human hope has often clung to slenderer straws.

*IV*

IT WAS not until evening that Wistar found himself again alone with Judith, for Penrhyn was expert in all the minor arts of address. Even then, though he did not know it, he once more owed his fortune to the younger Miss Sears. They were wandering on the outskirts of the throng that had gathered around the Glee-Club platform in the Yard. All about them was the low, happy babble of the crowds, which blended pleasantly with the singing, sentimental and gay.

"About your father's venture—with Penrhyn," he said abruptly; "you know I've refused to join in it?"

"You don't believe in it?"

"Do you?"

She hesitated, then said quite simply: "When I found how eager Mr. Penrhyn was, I *urged* father to go in with him."

He was silent.

She looked up at him with an expression at once subtle and frank. "You may say it," she said.

The evanescent smile came into the hollows beyond the corners of his mouth.

"I find I don't have to."

"We've played the game of truth once already," she said, with quiet humor. "You would rather have me say it!"

"Very much."

"Well, then: Mr. Penrhyn has already shown himself one of the boldest and cleverest of the younger men on Wall Street. The fact that he has taken up with father's idea is evidence that it is a good one. But that's not what you wouldn't say! It is known that he has ideas—how shall I express it?—ideas above Wall Street."

"Above Wall Street—geographically."

"You are abominably precise!" She laughed a little dubiously. "Personally, father and I both like Mr. Penrhyn."

She had told him everything—except what he most wanted to hear. How much did she "like" this man? "If I had had omniscience," he said, "I couldn't have been half as explicit—or anywhere near as vague."

"Don't you see?" she said, and her masterhood of the non-committal mounted higher. "In either case it would be wrong to let him go on for any but the most practical reasons—the most unpersonal!"

Again he was silent. From the point of view of the manufacturer, combination might bring stability and increased earnings; but, as far as he could see, there was no such prospect of profit as would attract the practical financier. It was true that if a monopoly could be gained on any essential part of the raw material of the motor-car, such as rubber for the tires, the opportunities for a trust would be magnificent; but he could not see that such a monopoly was possible. Until to-day he had thought of the project as one of the palpably impracticable devices of Wall Street—an exuberance of wildcat finance on the back fence. But in view of what Judith had said—and of what she had left unsaid—Penrhyn's persistence in it took new meaning. The greatest of financiers—to the outward view mere captains of industry whose profession it was to command profit and defeat loss—have been notoriously swayed by private loves and hates, even petty rivalries and unreasoning jealousies. Wistar had no cause to think Penrhyn above the common lot. If his project succeeded Judith and her father would be restored to the world of luxury and distinction in which they once had been leaders. If it failed they would be ruined, and Penrhyn would have a strong hold on her through her father's necessities, which were hers. Heads I win, tails you lose, was the game he was playing. And he had asked Wistar to be a party to that game.

"*You* will have to say it now," she prompted.

"Your reasoning is perfect—except in the case of a man who chose to befriend you for motives he didn't wish to own."

She reddened. "To buy my regard? Can you imagine such an insult? With a right-minded girl, can you imagine any course less likely to succeed!"

The success of such an attempt, Wistar saw, would depend upon keeping the motive dark; but already he had an uncomfortable sense of implying evil of his rival. "Of course," he said, with as much conviction as he could command, "Mr. Penrhyn believes in what he proposes."

"I *know* that he does."

The sun had not yet set, but already twilight was gathering among the dense green elm-tree tops that roofed the Yard. Beneath the branches, Japanese lanterns began to float and shine, like bubbles that had risen to the surface of a caldron of seething gayety.

"And now as to you, Mr. Wistar! Do you think the venture bad?"

"It might work out very profitably—if it weren't for us fellows who are against it."

"Then the fact that you *are* against it——?"

He explained that he had had experience of the trusts and felt very strongly against them.

She admitted the danger, but protested that, under honest management, it need not be considered. And, then, she outlined the advantage of consolidation, urging, and with arguments of weight, that, within clearly definable limits, the control of prices, the manipulation of markets, even speculative investments—buying on margin, selling short, and all the devices of Wall Street—were elements of health and power. There was knowledge of the world and of affairs in what she said. And she spoke simply, with ever-present lightness and charm. It was a phase of her mind which he had not encountered in the old days—which had probably not existed.

He recalled the saying that no woman is worth talking to until she is thirty, or worth looking at after it. She lacked only two or three years of the mark; and yet, vitally interested as he was in what she was saying, he found himself, from time to time, forgetting it in the sheer joy of gazing into her face as she spoke.

She was quick to see that his attention wandered—though not the reason for this; and as quickly she broke into a lighter vein. "Do you know, with all one hears about trust-busters, you are the only one I have ever met? Are you *such* a conservative? But I had forgotten! Cave men are usually conservatives, aren't they? No doubt, when our ancestors of the early bronze age began to chop wood and build houses in the fertile valleys, cave men upon the rugged hills called them immoral, and made war on them with paleolithic clubs. But mind you, the bronze age won!"

Wistar did not answer.

"Then you really mean to fight us?"

"I'm afraid so. It was to persuade my cousin to that that I came. What you have told me—it has made me unhappy, very! All my life the only thing I ever really cared for was to be of service to you. And there has been only one little thing I have ever been able to do—a little thing to you, though not to me."

She gave him an inquiring glance.

"So little that you don't even know what it was!"

"I should like to know."

"It was what you call neglecting you. It took courage, that, for you are the only one I have ever had to admit as master. But now, I'm afraid, I sha'n't even be able to neglect you: I shall be obliged to wage warfare on you and those you hold most dear—a very hard and bitter, perhaps fatal warfare! And if this last hope of your father's comes to nothing——" He broke off, thinking of what only to-day she had said of his latest failure. "Can't you dissuade him?"

"I'm afraid not. He is very obstinate. And you?"

"On that subject I'm obstinate, too!"

Wistar had spoken boldly enough; but into his heart, so long heavy and dead, there had lately crept a hope which he struggled in vain to banish. To be at an equal advantage with Penrhyn, he had only to see the new order as she had so clearly sketched it. And might she not be right? If he should go back on his principles—


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after all, they were only *his* principles—and, like his rival, lapse from stern rectitude in dealing with her? He reddened at the thought, and at the leap his heart gave in answer to it. But it came to him again and again.

By this time the movement of the crowd about the Glee-Club stand had carried them toward its vortex, and Wistar became suddenly aware that it was crushing Judith close to his side—so close that he felt every motion of her slow, deep breathing. Again his pulse leaped. Then it seemed to stand still. In all the long years he had never realized until that instant how vast, how untraversable, were the distances that separated her heart from his. Yet still he felt her deep, unconscious breathing.

With sudden strength, almost violence, he forced their way out of the crowd. As they walked on in silence his arteries, where she had brushed against him, were running liquid fire. He fixed his eyes on the afterlight of the sunset, which shone between the ancient college buildings. It was as if the western heavens were ground full of powdered gold.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I was thinking of the dust that makes the sky so bright. You know it is dust, don't you?—dust from the roads, and the dry hilltops; pollen, too, perhaps, from the fading flowers. Some time, in the many, many centuries to come, these bodies that now are you and I may meet and mingle, way up there."

She paused, considering. "It sounds delightful—and, unlike most delightful things, quite proper."

"I shall regard it as an engagement! When I am beaten up from the road by hoofs and wheels, I shall look for the dust of a rose."

He walked on in silence, wrestling with his problem.

When at last she spoke—long after he had forgotten what they had been saying—her voice had again a trace of acid, though a faint one: "Do you suppose your dust will find that mine has at last achieved the 'beauty of maturity and age'?"

. . . . . .

Toward midnight, when the gayeties of the day were over, Wistar went with his cousin to his rooms in the Yard. A new hope was dawning. The all-important decision did not rest wholly with him. Onderdonk, it seemed, had more than a passing acquaintance with the younger Miss Sears—she was the one girl he had invited to Class Day. He might be stern with himself, but, surely, he need not seek to control his cousin's conscience. If only Billy were strongly enough on the other side . . . ? With him, however, honesty was all but an instinct. He began to urge his cause conscientiously upon his cousin, and indeed with vigor and conviction.

The young man listened for a moment, and then took from his desk a post-card on the back of which was written in his own hand: "Your final mark in Economics 9b is ——" Below, in the blue pencil of the reader of examination books, was a large *B*. "That's the course in trade combinations," Billy explained. "I wrote a special report on the case against the trusts."

*B*, Wistar remembered, was not easy to get, even for plodding students; and he knew that Billy, immersed in the enjoyment of college life and his responsibility with the eleven, had got his degree, as the undergraduates phrase it, on his shape.

"You! A grind!" said Wistar.

"I was interested in that course. Sooner or later, I felt sure, you would be up against the proposition. So I found out all about it—read about a ton of newspapers and periodicals."

The reply, so different from what Wistar had—yes! hoped—brought him to a sudden standstill. In Billy this pride of knowledge and academic certainty of opinion was irresistibly droll. But the issue it entailed was dark enough. "You know that Mr. Penrhyn is in with Mr. Sears, and that he is a powerful man in Wall Street?"

"Still, if it is up to us, we can put him out of business?"

"I feel sure that we can," Wistar said. "But you realize what the fight may mean to your guest, Miss Sears—to her father?" He spoke of their poverty, of the old man's desperation, of Judith's loyal sacrifice.

Billy listened patiently. "I know all that," he said. "But do you think the right sort of a girl would want a fellow to do things for her that he thought wrong?"

Wistar could have laughed outright in satiric bitterness, but he only said: "You insist on fighting Sears and Penrhyn to the finish—whether it is their finish or ours?"

"That's it."

"And I may go ahead at once to organize the opposition?"

"The sooner the quicker."

"Then I open up on them to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)


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They all had been called away by telegrams from less important deals to centre their efforts on the big prospective fire order.

They arrived the same day, and, even before the firemen had ceased pouring water on the smouldering ruins of the factory, they had individually called on the owner and solicited his order for the machinery to replace that which had been destroyed. Their persistency in voicing the merits of their respective machines nearly drove the owner distracted.

As the salesmen talked over the situation, as salesmen are accustomed to when together, it was the general opinion that it would not pay to wait, but that it would be better to leave the town at once and call later when the owner was ready to consider at his leisure his requirements. For had he not advised each and every one of the salesmen that there would be no orders placed for a month at least, and that he did not have the time to talk with them further on the subject?

One by one the salesmen got their grips and started for the railroad station. A single salesman of the seven was left; and, as an excuse to the other salesmen for remaining, he said "that he was rather tired, had been on the jump for two weeks, and he could get rested in this town as quickly as in any other, so he guessed he would stay a few days."

The other salesmen had not been gone from the town an hour before the lone salesman was back at the scene of the fire. He knew enough to keep away from the owner and manager, so he devoted his time to the bookkeeper and foreman. From them he learned that the company had not taken the precaution to provide an inventory of the plant. The business was owned by a single individual, who looked on careful records as a consumer of time rather than a benefit.

Here was an opportunity for the salesman to be of assistance to the owner. First obtaining the permission of the owner to prepare an inventory as a basis of insurance adjustment, the salesman labored long and earnestly with the assistance of the bookkeeper and the foreman.

Between the two he managed to prepare a fairly complete inventory.

But he did not entirely rely on the information thus secured. He immediately wrote the manufacturers to forward copies of invoices of the old machines supplied, so as to have such documents as evidence.

The salesman's faithful study of other makes and prices of box-making machinery than his own stood him in good stead. So also did the information he had acquired as to prices of box-board and other materials.

The insurance adjusters came, and the salesman acted as the authorized representative of the manufacturer, presenting the facts and figures.

So accurate and thorough was his knowledge of the affair that an early settlement was made, which otherwise might have been delayed.

As evidence of his appreciation, the box manufacturer asked the salesman to select a new equipment of machinery, and submit the same for approval. This he did, and the order was given.

The successful salesman, when asked how he managed to land the order, replied with a single word: "Stick-to-ive-ness."

—*W. W. H.*

**Why Suffer From Aching Feet?**

David Cummings. Estab. 1852.

The sole of your shoe largely determines whether you shall have foot comfort or torture. The average shoe has a stiff, unsympathetic inside of hard leather, upon which the sensitive bottom of the foot must press for many hours each day. Soon your feet begin to ache, and become tired and sore.

For 54 years I have studied the art of making shoes, and I want you to know about

**The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe**

The sole in this shoe is waterproof, making it unnecessary to wear unsightly rubbers, and, best of all, the foot rests easily and with an even pressure upon an insole which exactly conforms to the shape of the foot, insuring rest and comfort.

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ROYAL DUTCH
**COCOA.**

Its double strength saves ½ your cocoa.

*Send 10 cents for trial can.*

**Stephen L. Bartlett Co.**
IMPORTERS.
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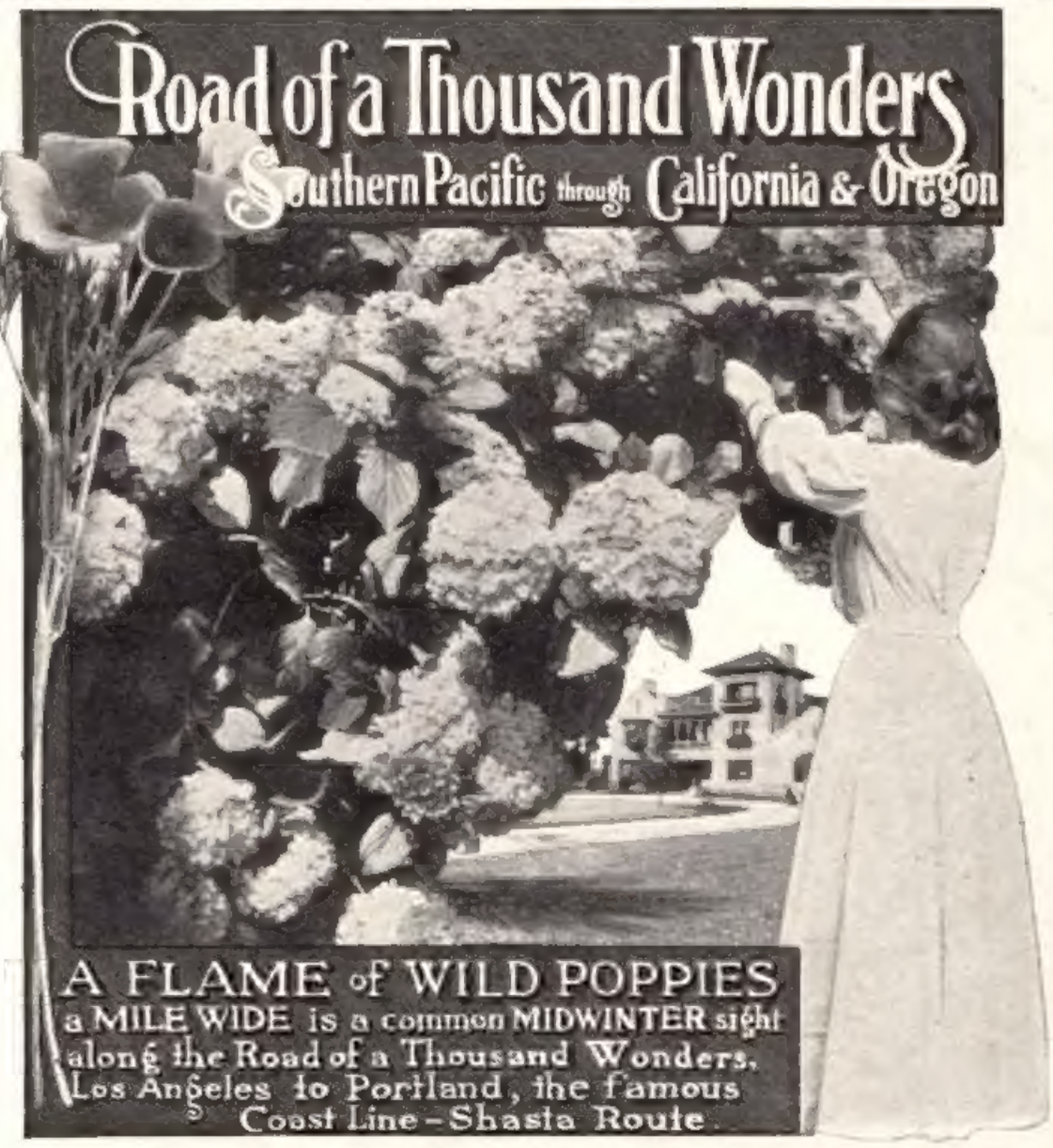
Remember the
Yellow Wrapper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Southern Pacific through California & Oregon
A FLAME of WILD POPPIES
a MILE WIDE is a common MIDWINTER sight along the Road of a Thousand Wonders, Los Angeles to Portland, the famous Coast Line–Shasta Route

"Road of a Thousand Wonders" is a book of 120 pictures of the Coast Line-Shasta Route—pictures in glowing colors, the finest specimen of the engraver's art, describing the wonderful country along the sunset seas in which Santa Barbara, El Pizmo, San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Del Monte and Monterey, Santa Cruz and its Big Trees, San Jose and Lick Observatory, San Francisco and the Bay Cities, Sacramento and its great valley, the Mt. Shasta Region, the Rogue River and Umpqua Valleys, the Willamette and the rich rose city, Portland, are noteworthy features. For copy, and copy of Sunset, magazine of the West, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. Q. Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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**Accidental Discharge Impossible**

Every owner of an Iver Johnson has a double feeling of safety—safety as to protection of life and property, and absolute safety as to accidental discharge; for there is but one way to discharge the

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC **REVOLVER**

and that is to pull the trigger.

In addition to the safety features of the Iver Johnson is the knowledge of absolute reliability and accuracy and dependable quality.

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver**

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - - **$5.00**

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver**

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge **$6.00**

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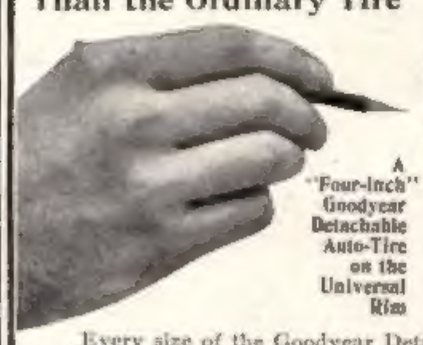
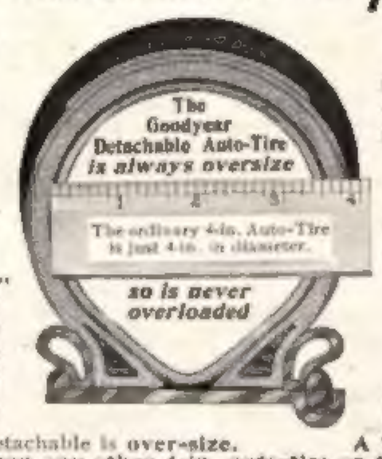
**The Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire is**

## 15% Larger
**Than the Ordinary Tire**


A "Four-inch" Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire on the Universal Rim


The Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire is always oversize
The ordinary 4-in. Auto-Tire is just 4 in. in diameter.
so is never overloaded

EVERYONE knows that the larger the tire in proportion to the weight of the car, the less trouble that tire gives.

**The Goodyear Detachable is Never in Trouble**

Every size of the Goodyear Detachable is **over-size.** A "four-inch" Goodyear Detachable is actually 15% larger than any other 4-in. auto-tire on the market. All other sizes in proportion. That means that, if your car is over catalogue weight, or if you want to add heavy accessories to the car, the Goodyear Detachable will carry it, **without trouble**—without tire-strain, without puncture, without sand-blisters, **without any** of the hundred-and-one **evils** an overloaded tire develops. Running an overweight car on an undersize tire is like using a garden hose on a fire-pressure hydrant. It may not break **at once**, but it may be expected to give out in weeks, where if not overstrained, it would last YEARS. In the tire's case, it's because the **over-weight** causes **over-wear, over-heating** and consequent quick disintegration.

***You Won't Overload the Goodyear Detachable*** because it is always "big enough to take care of itself." It is invariably 15 per cent larger in diameter than specified, and that one fact saves 99 per cent trouble. The Goodyear Detachable has other virtues—**guaranteed** not to rim-cut, for instance. Our book "How to Select an Auto-Tire," tells all about them all. Write for it.

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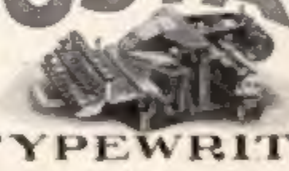
# POSTAL $25.00 TYPEWRITER



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